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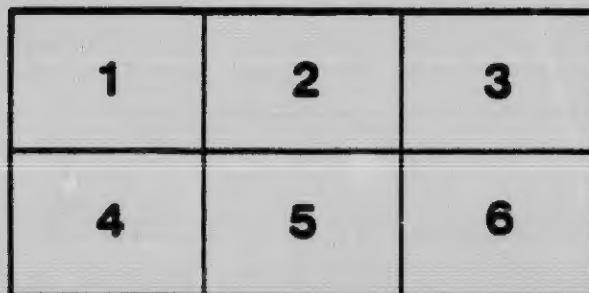
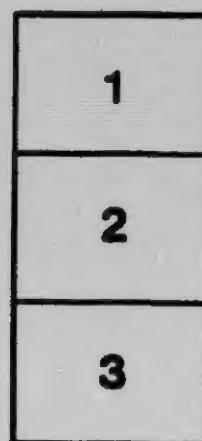
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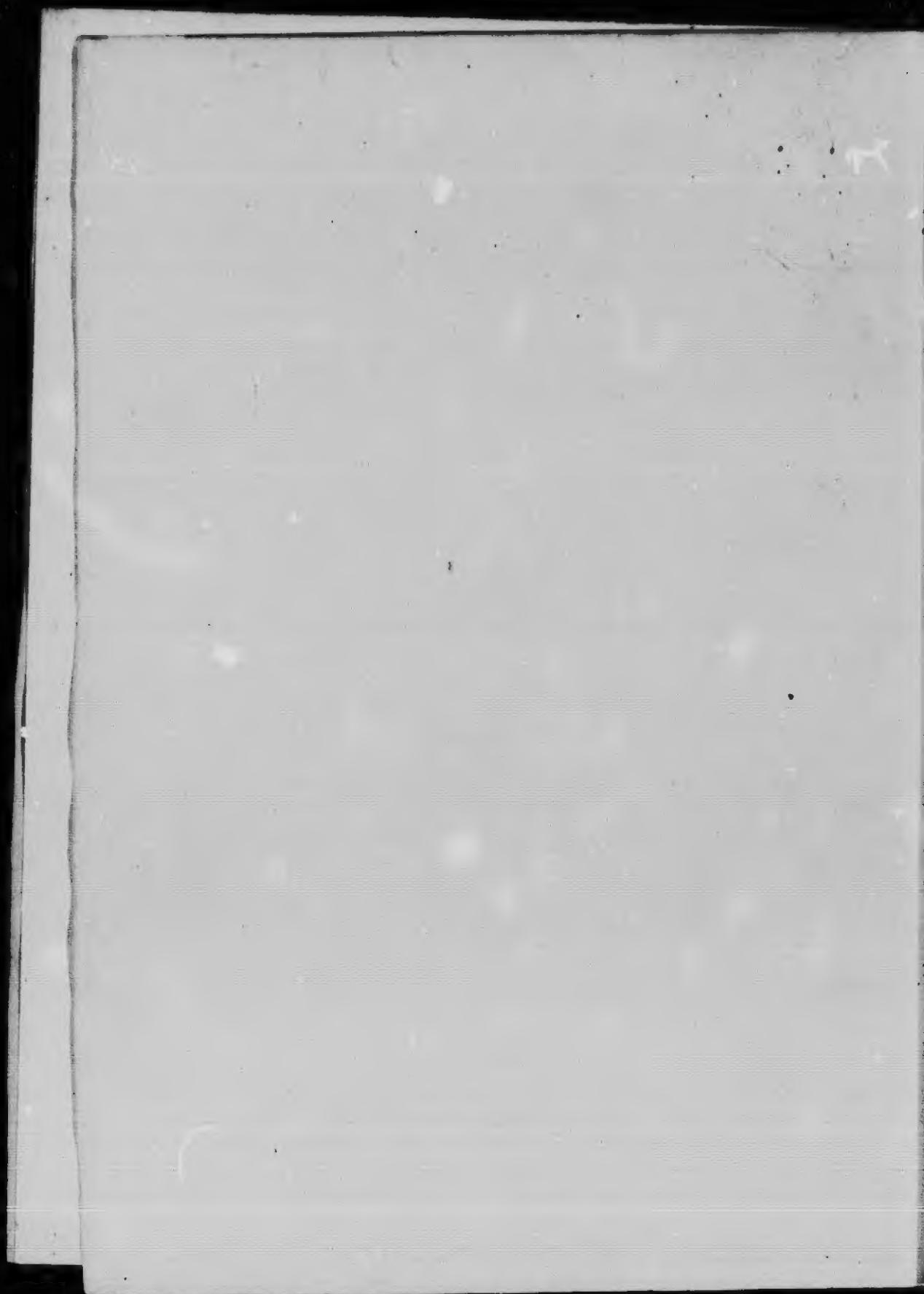
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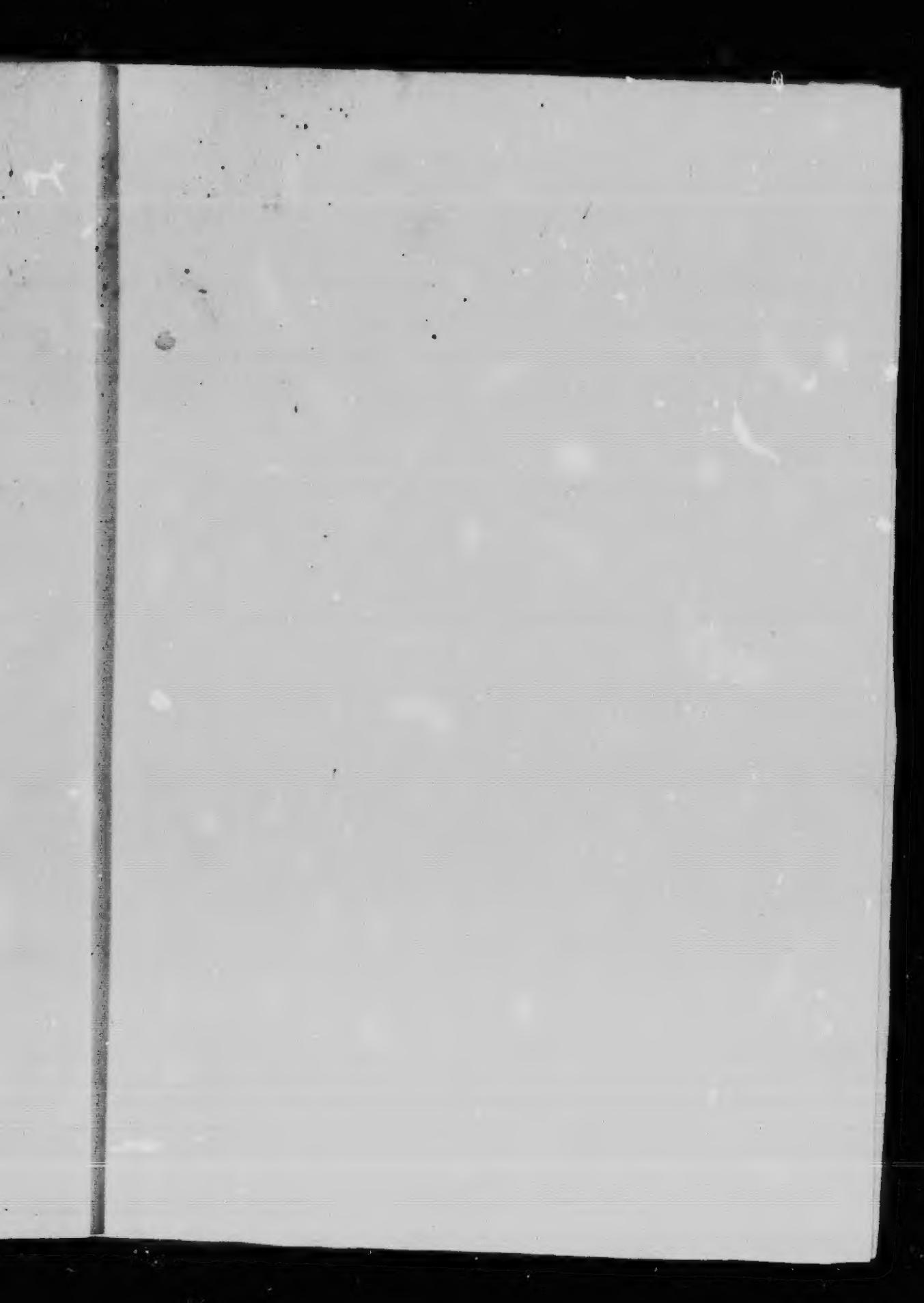


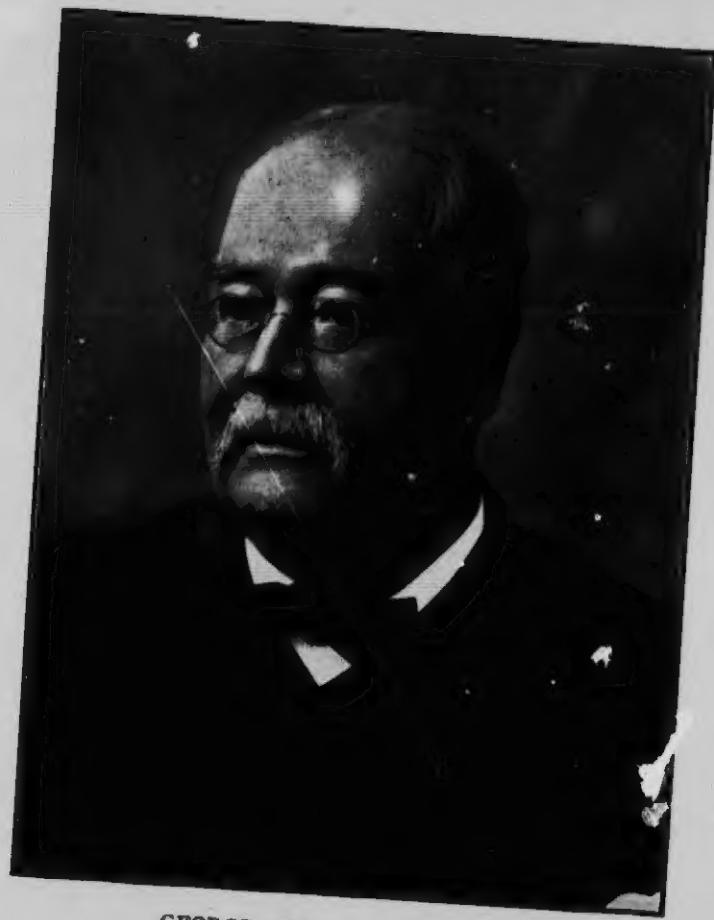
POEMS

BY

GEORGE MURRAY







GEORGE MURRAY, B.A., OXON

POEMS

BY

GEORGE MURRAY

B.A., A.K.C., F.R.S.C.

FORMERLY SENIOR CLASSICAL SCHOLAR OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON;

LATE LUSBY SCHOLAR AND LUCY EXHIBITIONER OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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PREFACE

A great deal need not be said regarding this edition of George Murray's poems. The principle on which the selections have been made was that the book should reflect the poet's own tastes and preferences.

In endeavouring to attain this end, the editor has had the constant co-operation of Miss Alice Murray, B.A. Miss Murray had in recent years been so much with her father in his literary work that she came in time to know his ways of thinking and feeling with knowledge which was brightened by affection. Without her aid the book could not have been prepared, and it is simple justice to say that to her the credit of it in large part belongs.





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Biographical Sketch

George Murray was born in Regent Square, London, on the 23rd of March, 1830, and was the only son of Mr. James Murray, who was for years foreign editor of the "London Times." He was a pupil at the school of Dr. J. G. Greig, Walthamstow House, Essex. There in 1846 he won his first literary distinction—a prize for the best English essay. Soon after he entered King's College, London, where the promise of Walthamstow was more than fulfilled. He won the chaplain's two prizes for English verse (original and translated) and the principal's prize for Latin verse. He was also awarded the senior classical scholarship, and was elected Associate of King's College (A.K.C.), the highest honour which the institution conferred. At Oxford (Hertford College) he was alike successful, among his distinctions there being the Lusby Scholarship and the Lucy Exhibition. A literary venture of his later Oxford years was "The Oxford Ars Poetica; or, How to write a Newdigate," which won commendation from the "Spectator" and was pronounced good by the author of the once popular "Verdant Green." Among the friends of those distant years were Dean Farrar and Sir Edwin Arnold, both of whom Murray had the pleasure of meeting

in Montreal long afterwards. The closeness of his early intimacy with the author of "The Light of Asia" is attested by the fact that a poem of Murray's was published, at Arnold's desire, in the latter's first volume, "Poems Narrative and Lyrical." This intimacy was renewed most happily when both poets wore crowns of silver. In 1891 George Murray dedicated his "Verses and Versions" to the friend of his youth. After coming to Canada in the later fifties, Mr. Murray spent some years in Eastern Ontario (or, as it was then named, Upper Canada), but it is with the Montreal High School that his educational career has been most frequently associated in the minds of his friends and admirers. Of that institution he had been senior classical master for more than a third of a century, when he retired on a pension in 1892. The testimonial which marked his disappearance from the classes in which he had been so long a familiar figure represented a mere fraction of the multitude of pupils who had carried into the world the memory of his voice. Some of them had risen to rank and influence in the professions, in business, in public life, but whether their position was bright or obscure they were equally dear to their old teacher and he by them was equally unforgotten. In the latter part of his life as a teacher, some share of his time was regularly devoted to the advanced classes of the Girls' High School, and some of his pupils who proceeded thence to the University did credit to his training in Latin and even Greek as well as English. During this period Mr. Murray became well known as a writer. He contributed not only to the Montreal press but also to various periodicals, from Professor N. Y. Hind's British American Magazine, to Mr. Joseph Gould's Arcadia (both of which, by the way, had *succès d'estime* and may still be read with advantage). It was to the earlier publication that Mr. Murray entrusted his "Willie the Miner"—a most pathetic

poem based on a touching incident related in "The Recreations of a Country Parson" of the Rev. Andrew K. W. Boyd, whose initials long enjoyed the favour of many readers. For a number of years the classical works that were sent for review to the "Montreal Gazette" were put into Mr. Murray's hands, and we need hardly say that his criticism was discriminating, just and learned.

Some of the older citizens of Montreal can doubtless remember the Literary Club which had its focus on Cathcart street. Of this club, which had among its members Professor and Vice-Principal the Venerable Archdeacon Leach, the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Charles Heavysege, the author of "Saul," and other men of mark, Mr. Murray was the esteemed secretary. On the day of McGee's funeral, the club honoured his memory by marching in a body to the grave, every member wearing a badge of suitable device. I was not a member of the club, and had, indeed, only recently returned to Montreal, but Mr. Murray, with characteristic kindness, asked me to accept a badge, and that badge I still possess.

In the year 1869 Mr. Murray won the gold medal, which the St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa had offered for the best poem on "The Thistle" as the national emblem of Scotland. Mr. Murray had chosen as a central theme in the frame work of his poem the legend of the Danes, wounded in their naked feet by the spines of the thistles, and forced by their cries to betray themselves to the slumbering Scots, whose camp they were invading. In apprising the victorious poet of his triumph, Dr. Thorburn, who had been one of the judges, informed him that he had attained no slight success, many of the competing poems being of high merit and some of them "not unworthy of a place alongside" the victor's. They had come from all parts of the Dominion and the United States. Many a letter did Murray receive from the Scots of the new

world asking for a copy of his ballad or for the legend which formed the subject of it. One such letter from St. Louis seems to have been written by the secretary of a Workingmen's Club. He and his colleagues were sincerely thankful to Murray for the trouble he had taken to put them in the way of the information which they had been seeking. How many such letters he received during his connection with the press it would not be easy to compute.

Mr. Murray's service to another society of which he was a member cannot be better unfolded than in the words of Mr. George Iles. "My acquaintance with Mr. George Murray," says Mr. Iles, "began in the autumn of 1876. Three friends of his, the Rev. J. Clark Murray, Mr. J. Redpath Dougall, editor of the "Witness," and Mr. Samuel E. Dawson, then the leading publisher and bookseller in Montreal, had formed a literary club, of which they decided that Mr. George Murray should be secretary. No choice could have been happier. As the sole permanent officer of the Athenaeum Club he was its life and mainspring." Having emphasized Murray's unfailing kindness and invincible perseverance in the discharge of his duties, Mr. Iles thus continues:

"Mr. Murray's part not seldom lay in spurring a procrastinator to writing a paper long overdue. He was a master of the art of tactful pressure, a pressure without which a literary club is sure to go to pieces. Often, too, I have heard him say just the judicious word which piloted into smooth waters a discussion which threatened to become stormy. So diverse, indeed, was the personnel of the club, that at times only the compulsions of courtesy kept our debates within bounds." Having mentioned some of the subjects of papers and discussions, calling special attention to an essay on "The Princess," by Dr. S. E. Dawson, C.M.G., ex-president of the Royal Society of Canada, which was the substance of the "Study"

which elicited so much praise from the critics and so charming a letter from the Laureate, Mr. Illes refers to some of Murray's own papers such as "Jacques Jasmin" and "Bacon versus Shakespeare." The Shakespeare Club was another society in which Mr. Murray for a long time took a warm interest and to which he contributed papers. An active member of that club (Mr. S. M. Baylis) gave me some time ago an example of the pains that his old friend would sometimes take in supplying or verifying data for other members even when their views differed *toto mundo* from his own. Of his happy connection with the Pen and Pencil Club evidence lies before me in the form of a letter from Mr. John E. Logan (Barry Dane), who was charged with the task of conveying to Mr. Murray's widow and family the club's resolution of condolence. "The Club" (so the resolution ran) "desires to express its great sorrow for the death of Dr. George Murray, one of its most valued and beloved members. In addition to this sense of personal loss which touches so closely many of the members to whom he has been an intimate friend, the Club wishes to record what must be a general feeling, that a light of Canadian literature and journalism has gone out." Mr. Logan added, on his own account, that he considered it an honour to have known Mr. Murray intimately for many years. "His kindness of heart," he said, "endeared him to us almost more than his scholarship, which is known throughout the land, even by those who never came in personal contact with him." Mr. Harry A. Jones, Hon. Secretary of The St. James Literary Society, in enclosing to Mrs. Murray the resolution of deep regret which the Society had passed on learning of her husband's death, said that to many of the members the loss was directly personal.

In 1882, His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, now the Duke of Argyll, after consulting with Sir William Dawson, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir James Le

Moine, Sir Daniel Wilson and other men of standing in the intellectual world, constituted the Royal Society of Canada, in four sections of twenty members each. Two sections were composed of men of science; two others were devoted to letters, history and archaeology, one being composed of those speaking the French, the other, of those speaking the English, language. Mr. George Murray was nominated to the latter section, being one of the original members of the Society.

To this institution Murray presented his essay (with translation of exemplary or illustrative epigrams) on the Greek Anthology. Both of his criticism and his versions scholars who were present at the reading expressed a high opinion. We are disposed to believe that Murray cherished the hope of one day seeing his versions of the exquisite flowers of ancient song on which he had expended so much study gathered into a volume. To Murray's exceptional skill in giving English dress to the choicest morsels of French poetry many readers have borne delighted witness. No one has described Murray's gift more accurately than his friend. Mr. E. G. O'Connor, when he says that he turns French poems into English poems. He had also the kindred faculty, which is not so common as some persons suppose, of recognizing a true poem in another language as well as in English. Without this faculty it would be idle for even the most learned of Grecians to approach the Anthology. To extract what is really sweet and sound and fair from that wondrous miscellany a certain cultured instinct is essential. A great deal must not, a great deal need not, be touched. Whole sections may be let severely alone. Having thus made his clearings, the master begins his task, his most delicate task, of transforming Greek verse into English verse, Greek epigram into English, still preserving the poetic flavour. Just a hint of what Murray could accomplish

in this *genre* of the poet's work is afforded by the cluster of English and Greek epigrams in this volume. They are Murray's own choice. In a most sympathetic and appreciative notice of Mr. Murray, which appeared in the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for the year of his death, the Honorary Secretary (now Vice-President), Dr. W. D. Le Sueur, after referring to Mr. James Murray's rare knowledge of languages said that 'from him, his son, our late colleague, may well have inherited the great interest in language as an instrument of thought and culture which through life he manifested.' Then after briefly recording his earlier career, Dr. Le Sueur thus summarizes his half century of life in Montreal:

"Mr. Murray's first journalistic connection in Montreal was with "The Gazette," for which he wrote book reviews. He also contributed to a number of literary journals which sprang up successively in that city, and having had their day, ceased to be. A more permanent connection was that which he formed with the "Star" in the year 1882, when he took charge of the literary department of that paper including the "Notes and Queries," a department which he made famous. Here he had found an occupation which lasted the rest of his life; for up almost to the day of his death he was writing for the "Star"—his last work appeared in the issue of the 26th February, — and also for the "Standard," a literary journal which had its birth in the "Star" establishment, and which, in a manner, was brought out under his literary auspices, the company which controlled it, and of which Murray was made President, being called "The George Murray Publishing Company." His page in the "Star" at once won popular favour. His book reviews were fair, moderate, judicious and often very telling; while, in the management of his "Notes and Queries," he exhibited a wealth of knowledge, and a patience and kindness in imparting it which were wholly admirable. He was

made the arbiter of countless disputes as to modes of speech, rules of grammar, and historical and literary questions of all kinds. Even in matters of which he was not specially master he would generally contrive to obtain for his correspondents the information they required. The classical master in the High School thus became a schoolmaster for thousands who never saw his face; and so gentle and kindly were his methods that one is led to believe that he must have done much to cultivate a similar temper amongst those who were thus brought within the sphere of his intellectual influence."

Of the many tributes of affection and admiration paid to Murray's memory, one of the most pathetic appeared in the Winnipeg "Free Press." It had been written by his true friend, Mr. George Iles, in anticipation of Murray's eightieth birthday, March 23rd, 1910. Knowing that his friend had old pupils in the "West Countries," Mr. Iles reminded such of them as were readers of the "Free Press" of a building with which some of them had twofold associations. "Facing St. James' Club, in Dorchester St., Montreal," he wrote, "is the Fraser Institute Library. It was in this plain, brick building, only two stories in height, that the High School was formerly conducted. Here George Murray from 1859 to 1892 was the senior classical master, inspiring a long succession of pupils with a measure of his own love for Horace and Virgil. Many a Canadian now famous at the bar, in medicine, in engineering, dates his zest for literature from the days when he construed and recited under Mr. Murray's eye. Let us pay him our respects, which we may easily do, as his home is only a few paces off, at 11 Brunswick street. He greets us as cheerily as if he were but 60. On the twenty-third of March he will celebrate not his sixtieth, but his eightieth birthday. We have interrupted him at the 'Notes and Queries' which are to appear in next Saturday's 'Star,' as they

have for thirty years past. Mr. Murray is a gentleman of the old school, and no interruption such as this affects his perfect courtesy, or chills in the slightest degree the warmth of his welcome."

"We note that he is surrounded by a capital library; its volumes, two and three deep, spread from shelves to tables and chairs. Here is every dictionary and concordance worth having; all drawn upon every day for the behoof of correspondents who wish to verify a quotation, trace a couplet to its source, or learn the date of a discovery, a coronation, or other historic event. But much the most valuable store of knowledge for reference here is contained in Mr. Murray's own marvellous memory. Odes and sonnets committed to its tablets in his youth are to-day recalled as vividly and accurately as if impressed but an hour ago."

Mr. Iles then speaks of the old pupils or colleagues in journalism who had written books and were proud of inscribing them to him whom they delighted to honour. Of such marks of love and esteem he made no attempt to conceal his appreciation. There is one dedication which has carried Murray's name to many households in the old lands and the new, and how sadly one reads it now that both Drummond and Murray are gone from us.

Of the wealth of tender memories evoked by the announcement of Murray's death, the most salient attribute was its spontaneousness. Few men or women have been so warmly, so widely loved. Nor was it merely because, as the Rev. Dr. Robert Campbell said, "the whole country was indebted to him." The bounty of knowledge does not always gain the devotion of the heart. Between learning and kindly simplicity there is no necessary divorce, and yet they are not always mated as they were in Murray's happy composition. He liked to place her gifts and acquirements at the disposal of others. Mr. David Ross McCord, M.A., K.C., did not cherish the enthusiastic appre-

ciation of Murray's qualities, intellectual and moral, without reason, and Mr. McCord spends his life in spiritual contact with the "great one gone." Dr. F. W. Kelly and Mr. F. Yorston spoke of his worth, each as a fellow worker in a department of life's duties. The Rev. Principal Rexford, Mr. R. C. Smith, K.C., Mr. Henry Dalby, Dr. MacPhail and many others expressed from diverse points of view their judgment of the friend whom they had lost. The Rev. Dr. Symonds, out of a full heart, paid a warm tribute to the friend with whom he had spent so many hours in happy converse. It would be easy to add to the list of Murray's friends whose lips or pens grew eloquent over their silent friend. But I forbear, knowing scarcely where to choose.

Not long since, in turning the leaves of a volume entitled "Great Hymns of the Church," my attention was drawn to the name of George Murray in a foot note. The author (the Rev. Duncan Morrison, M. A.) thanked him for reference to a valuable work in which he found the suggestion of a new and ingenious reading of a verse in the "Te Deum." This was only one instance in which "Mr. Murray, of the "Star," Montreal" (as the obliged hymnologist qualifies him), was able and willing to be of service to fellow workers in letters, philology, antiquities and folk lore. Some of his replies in his much prized and widely read "column" (which he began just thirty years ago) were learned monographs that in their way were invaluable. One of the most painstaking of such productions was his "Police verso" article, which was prompted by the mistake of a famous painter. But it was in conversation with intimate friends that Murray's best qualities were disclosed. If the scene was in his own little study in the midst of his well chosen treasures, it was, indeed, a privilege to ask and be answered. George Murray was in a peculiarly felicitous sense what Johnson called a clubbable man. On that point the evidence

is large and unimpeachable. But he was also, in quite as real a sense, a domestic, a family man. He loved his home, and in his home he was beloved as few men have been beloved. In 1859 he married Miss Catherine Flora McLauchlin. He lived to celebrate the jubilee of his wedding day. In the retrospect there was much happiness, not without human life's share of sorrow. The second boy (Herbert) was fatally injured in the old High School playground. The eldest boy (Russell) died in the midst of a fairly successful career. The survivors are two sons, Mr. G. William Murray, of New York, and Mr. Frederick Murray, of Oxbow, Sask., and four daughters, Mrs. Gordon Stott, of Chandlers Ford, Hampshire, England; Mrs. W. J. Bland, of Portland, Oregon; Miss Alice Murray and Miss Louise Murray.

Two years ago, just after George Murray's death, a true friend of his wrote the words: "There may be cypress to day within the garden of laurels at No. 11 Brunswick Street; but there are early spring violets also and their perfume will last so long as respect for a great scholar and for a sympathetic heart controls human emotions." To-day we would think only of the laurels as we scent the violets.

J. R.

HOW CANADA WAS SAVED.*

TIME: MAY, 1860

" Il faut ici donner la gloire à ces dix-sept François de Montréal, et honorer leurs cendres d'un éloge qui leur est dû avec justice, et que nous ne pouvons leur refuser sans ingratitude. Tout était perdu, s'ils n'eussent péri, et leur malheur a sauvé ce pays." —*Relations des Jésuites*, 1860, p. 17.

Beside the dark Utāwa's stream two hundred years ago,
A wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which all the world should know;
'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past
It stirs the blood and fires the soul as with a clarion's blast.
What though no blazoned cenotaph, no sculptured columns tell
Where the stern heroes of my song, in death triumphant, fell;
What though beside the foaming flood untombed their ashes lie—
All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die.

*In 1874 *The Montreal Witness* offered a prize for the best ballad on any subject in Canadian history. The verses entitled "How Canada was Saved" were selected for the prize out of 291 contributions.

A score of troublous years had passed since on Mount
Royal's crest
The gallant Maisonneuve upreared the Cross devoutly
bless'd,
And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-
Marie
With patriot pride had fought and died, determined
to be free.
Fiercely the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains
of sand,
The sons of France from off the face of their adopted
land,
When, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of
its power,
A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest
hour.

Daulac, the Captain of the Fort—in manhood's fiery
prime—
Hath sworn by some immortal deed to make his name
sublime,
And sixteen "Soldiers of the Cross," his comrades
true and tried,
Have pledged their faith for life and death—all kneel-
ing side by side:
And this their oath—on flood or field, to challenge
face to face
The ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourges of their
race—
No quarter to accept or grant, and, loyal to the grave,
To die like martyrs for the land they shed their blood
to save.

Shrived by the Priest, within the Church where oft
they had adored,
With solemn fervour they partake the Supper of the
Lord;
And now these self-devoted youths from weeping
friends have passed,
And on the Fort of Ville-Marie each fondly looks his
last.
Unskilled to steer the frail canoe or stem the rushing
tide,
On through a virgin wilderness o'er stream and lake
they glide,
Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they moor their
barques below
A rapid of Utāwa's flood, the turbulent Long-Sault.
There, where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently
to the shore,
A moss-grown palisade was seen—a fort in days of
yore—
Fenced by its circle they encamped and on the listen-
ing air,
Before those staunch Crusaders slept, arose the voice
of prayer.
Sentry and scout kept watch and ward; and soon,
with glad surprise,
They welcomed to their roofless hold a band of dark
allies—
Two stalwart chiefs and forty braves—all sworn to
strike a blow
In one great battle for their lives against the common
foe.

Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month
of May,

The wild flower bloomed, the wild bird sang on many
a budding spray,

A tender blue was in the sky, on earth a tender green,
And Peace seemed brooding like a dove o'er all the
sylvan scene;

When loud and high, a thrilling cry dispelled the
magic charm

And scouts came hurrying from the woods to bid their
comrades arm,

And bark canoes skimmed lightly down the torrent of
the Sault

Manned by three hundred dusky forms—the long-
expected foe.

They spring to land—a wilder brood hath ne'er ap-
palled the sight—

With carbines, tomahawks, and knives that gleam
with baleful light;

Dark plumes of eagles crest their chiefs and broidered
deerskins hide

The blood-red war-paint that shall soon a bloodier red
be dyed.

Hark! to the death-song that they chant—behold them
as they bound,

With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly
around;

Then, swifter than the wind, they fly the barrier to
invest,

Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have startled
from a nest.

HOW CANADA WAS SAVED

5

As Ocean's tempest-driven waves dash forward on a rock
And madly break in seething foam hurled backward by the shock,
So onward dashed that surging throng, so backward were they hurled,
When, from the loopholes of the fort, flame burst, and vapor curled.
Each bullet aimed by bold Daulac went crashing through the brain,
Or pierced the bounding heart of one who never stirred again;
The trampled turf was drenched with blood, blood stained the passing wave,
It seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.
The sun went down—the fight was o'er—but sleep was not for those
Who pent within that frail redoubt sighed vainly for repose;
The shots that hissed above their heads, the Mohawks' taunting cries,
Warned them that never more on earth must slumber seal their eyes.
In that same hour their swart allies, o'erwhelmed by craven dread,
Leaped o'er the parapet like deer and traitorously fled.
And when the darkness of the night had vanished like a ghost,
Twenty and two were left—of all—to brave a maddened host.

Foiled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned to
their aid
Five hundred kinsmen from the Isles to storm the
palisade;
And panting for revenge they speed, impatient for
the fray,
Like birds of carnage from their homes allured by
scent of prey.
With scalp-locks streaming in the breeze they charge,
but never yet
Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier welcome
met
Than those doomed warriors, as they faced the deso-
lating breath
Of wide-mouthed musketoons that poured hot cata-
racts of death.

Eight days of varied horror passed! What boots it
now to tell
How the pale tenants of the fort heroically fell?
Hunger and thirst and sleeplessness, Death's ghastly
aids, at length
Marred and defaced their comely forms, and quelled
their giant strength.
The end draws nigh, they yearn to die, one glorious
rally more
For the dear sake of Ville-Marie and all will soon be
o'er;
Sure of the Martyr's golden Crown, they shrink not
from the Cross,
Life yielded for the land they love, they scorn to
reckon loss!

WILLIE THE MINER

7

The fort is fired—and through the flames, with slippery, splashing tread
The Redmen stumble to the camp o'er ramparts of the dead;
There with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac the dauntless, stood
And dealt his foes remorseless blows 'mid blinding smoke and blood,
Till hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth, with proud unconquered glance,
Dead—but immortalized by death -- Leonidas of France!
True to their oath, that glorious band no quarter basely craved;
So died the peerless Twenty-two—So Canada was saved!

WILLIE THE MINER.

Ghastly and strange was the relic found
By swarthy pitmen below the ground:
They were hard rough men, but each heart beat quick,
Each voice with horror was hoarse and thick,
For never perchance since the world began,
Had sight so solemn been seen by man!
The pitman foremost to see the sight
Had shrieked out wildly and swooned with fright;
His comrades heard, for the shrill scared cry
Rang through each gallery, low and high,

So they clutched their picks and they clustered round
And gazed with awe at the thing they found,

For never perchance since the world began,
Had sight so solemn been seen by man!

It lay alone in a dark recess;
How long it had lain there, none might guess.

They held above it a gleaming lamp,
But the air of the cavern was chill and damp,

So they carried it up to the blaze of day
And set the thing in the sun's bright ray.

'Twas the corpse of a miner in manhood's bloom,
An image, dismal in glare or gloom.

Awful it seemed in its stillness there,
With its calm wide eyes and its jet-black hair,

Cold as some effigy carved in stone
And clad in raiment that matched their own;

But none of the miners who looked could trace
Friend, son, or brother in that pale face.

What marvel? a centurv's half had rolled
Since that strong body grew stiff and cold,

In youth's blithe summer-time robbed of breath
By vapors winged with electric death.

Many, who felt that their mate was slain,
Probed earth's deep heart for his corpse, in vain,

WILLIE THE MINER

9

And when naught was found, after years had fled,
Few still shed tears for the stripling dead,

Save one true maiden, who kept the vows
Pledged oft to Willie, her promised spouse.

Now cold he lieth, for whom she pined,
A soulless body, deaf, dumb, and blind,

But still untainted, with flesh all firm,
Untravelled o'er by the charnel-worm.

'Twas as though some treacherous element
Had strangled a life, and then, ill-content,

Had, pitying sorely the poor dead clay,
Embalmed the body to balk decay.

Striving to keep, when the breath was o'er,
A semblance of that which had been before.

So it came to pass, that there lay in the sun,
Stared at by many but claimed by none,

A corpse, unsullied and life-like still,
Though its heart, years fifty since, was chill.

But ho! ye miners, call forth your old,
Let men and matrons the corpse behold,

Before the hour cometh, as come it must,
When the flesh shall crumble and fall to dust;

Some dame or grey-beard may chance to know
This lad, who perished so long ago.

The summons sped like a wind-blown flame,
From cot and cabin each inmate came.

Veteran miners, a white-haired crew,
Limped, crawled, and tottered the dead to view,

(Some supporting companions sick,
Leaning themselves upon crutch or stick,)

With wrinkled groups of decrepit crones,
Wearily dragging their palsied bones.

'Twas a quaint, sad sight to see, that day,
A crowd so withered, and gaunt, and grey.

And now they are gathered in groups around
The dead man delved from the under-ground,

And each stoops downward in turn, and pries
Into its visage with purblind eyes;

Mind and memory from some are gone,
Aghast and silent, they all look on.

But lo! there cometh a dark-robed dame,
With careworn features and age-bowed frame,

Bearing dim traces of beauty yet,
As light still lingers when day has set.

She nears the corpse and the crowd give way,
For, " 'Tis her lover," some old men say,

Her lover Willie, who, while his bride
Decked the white robe for her wedding, died—

Died at his work in the coal-seam, smit
By fumes that poisoned the baleful pit!

One piercing shriek! she has seen the face
And clings to the body with strict embrace.

'Tis he, to whose pleading in by-gone years
She yielded her heart, while she wept glad tears,

The same brave Willie, that once she knew,
To whom she was ever, and still is, true,

Unchanged each feature, undimmed each tress,
He is clasped, as of old, in a close caress.

Many an eye in that throng was wet,
The pitmen say, they can ne'er forget

The wild deep sorrow, and yearning love
Of her who lay moaning that corpse above.

She smoothed his hair and she stroked his cheek,
She half forgot that he could not speak;

And fondly whispered endearing words
In murmurs sweet as the song of birds;

"Willie, O Willie, my bonny lad,
Was ever meeting so strange and sad?

Four and fifty lone years have passed
Since i' the flesh I beheld thee last,

Thou art comely still, as i' days o' yore,
And the girl-love wells i' my heart once more

I thank thee, Lord, that thy tender ruth
Suffers mine arms to enfold this youth,

For I loved him much.... I am now on the brink
O' the cold, cold grave, and I didna think,

When the lad so long i' the pit had lain,
These lips would ever press his again!

Willie, strange thoughts i' my soul arise
While thus I caress thee wi' loving eyes;

We meet, one lifeless, one living yet,
As lovers ne'er i' this world have met,

We are both well-nigh of one age—but thou
Hast coal-black curls and a smooth fair brow,

While I—thy chosen—beside thee lie,
Greyhaired and wrinkled and fain to die!"

So sobbed the woman; and all the crowd
Lifted their voices and wept aloud,

Wept to behold her, as there she clung,
One so agëd, to one so young.

And surely pathos more deep or keen
In earthly contrast was never seen.

Both had been youthful, long years ago,
When neither dreamed of the coming woe,

But time with the maiden had onward sped,
Standing still with her lover dead!

TO A HUMMING-BIRD IN A GARDEN.

Blithe playmate of the Summer time,
Admiringly I greet thee;
Born in old England's misty clime,
I scarcely hoped to meet thee.

Com'st thou from forests of Peru,
Or from Brazil's savannahs,
Where flowers of every dazzling hue
Flaunt, gorgeous as Sultanas?

Thou scannest me with doubtful gaze,
Suspicious little stranger!
Fear not, thy burnished wings may blaze
Secure from harm or danger.

Now here, now there, thy flash is seen,
Like some stray sunbeam darting,
With scarce a second's space between
Its coming and departing.

Mate of the bird that lives sublime
In Pat's immortal blunder,
Spied in two places at a time,
Thou challengest our wonder.

Suspended by thy slender bill,
Sweet blooms thou lov'st to rifle,
The subtle perfumes they distil
Might well thy being stifle.

Surely the honey-dew of flowers
Is slightly alcoholic,
Or why, through burning August hours
Dost thou pursue thy frolic?

What though thy throatlet never rings,
With music soft or stirring;
Still, like a spinning-wheel, thy wings
Incessantly are whirring.

How dearly I would love to see
Thy tiny *cara sposa*,
As full of sensibility
As any coy mimosa!

They say, when hunters track her nest
Where two warm pearls are lying,
She boldly fights, though sore distrest,
And sends the brigands flying.

What dainty epithets thy tribes
Have won from men of science!
Pedantic and poetic scribes
For once are in alliance.

Crested Coquette, and Azure Crown,
Sun Jewel, Ruby-throated,
With Flaming Topaz, Crimson Down,
Are names that may be quoted.

Such titles aim to paint the hues
That on the darlings glitter,
And were we for a week to muse
We scarce could light on fitter.

Farewell, bright bird! I envy thee,
Gay rainbow-tinted rover;
Would that my life, like thine, were free
From care till all is over!

THE PARDONED SIN.

Up the worn steps and through the ivied porch
That screened the entrance to an ancient church,
A gentle school-boy passed, in earnest thought.
His heart was throbbing and his eyes were filled
With tears that trembled. Pausing in the nave,
He looked around with timid glance and gazed
On windows lustrous with the blazoned forms
Of saints and martyrs and angelic hosts,
And on a priceless miracle of art
That o'er the altar hung with mute appeal—
Christ, bowed to earth beneath a weighty Cross.
He sighed; "I also have my Cross to bear,"
And to the dim confessional drew nigh.

A white-haired priest, with mild benignant eyes,
Beheld him coming, and in gracious tones
That oft had wooed the sinner from his sin,
Exclaimed: "My son! if thou dost seek mine aid
It waits thine asking. Weep not—but lay bare
The secret sorrows of thine inmost soul."
The boy replied: "My Father! I have sinned,
And am not worthy to be called thy son.
Still, if thou wilt, my sad confession hear
And grant forgiveness in the name of God."

He knelt: with sobs of inarticulate woe
He faltered unintelligible words
In broken accents, so that he who heard
Failed to interpret their significance.
In vain he listened patiently; at length,
Loath to confuse the boy, "Dear child," he said,

My ears are dull, for I am frail and old,
 I cannot glean the purport of thy speech:
 Write it, I pray thee. In the scholar's bag
 Slung from thy shoulder, there are, doubtless, stored
 A tablet and a pencil. Write I pray."
 The boy obeyed: and, weeping while he wrote,
 Traced the brief record of his self-reproach,
 And meekly gave the tablet to the priest.

But lo! in token that his angel watched,
 The simple child's innumerable tears
 Had blurred and blotted each remorseful line:—
 The words were visible to God alone!
 With tears of sympathy, the white-haired priest
 Perused the baffling and bewildering signs,
 That told more plainly than the plainest speech
 The sad, sweet anguish of a contrite heart.
 Then with a grateful smile, he blessed the Lord,
 And softly murmured: "Child! depart in peace.
 God pardons thee—thy penitential tears
 Have washed away all record of thy sin!"

THE THISTLE. *

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

"Le coeur de l'histoire est dans la tradition."
 'Twas midnight! Darkness, like the gloom of some
 funereal pall,
 Hung o'er the battlements of Slaines,—a fortress grim
 and tall.

*These verses obtained the gold medal offered by the St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa, in 1869, for the best poem on the subject of "The Thistle."

The moon and stars were veiled in clouds and from
the Castle's height
No gleam of torch or taper pierced the shadows of the
night,
Only the rippling of the Dee blent faintly with the
sound
Of weary sentry-feet that paced their slow, unvarying
round.

The Earl was sleeping like a child that hath no cause
for fear;
The Warder hummed a careless song his lonely watch
to cheer;
Knight, squire and page, on rush-strewn floors were
stretched in sound repose,
While spears and falchions, dim with dust, hung round
in idle rows,
And none of all those vassals bold, who calmly dream-
ing lay,
Dreamed that a foe was lurking near, impatient for the
fray.

But in that hour,—when Nature's self serenely seemed
to sleep,—
In the dim valley of the Dee, a bow-shot from the
keep,
A ghost-like multitude defiled, in silence, from the
wood
That with its stately pines concealed the Fort for
many a rood,—
The banner of that spectral host is soiled with mur-
derous stains—
They are the "Tigers of the Sea," the cruel-hearted
Danes!

Far o'er the billows they have swept to Caledonia's strand,
They carve the record of their deeds with battle-axe and brand,
Their march each day is tracked with flame, their path with carnage strewn,
For Pity is an angel-guest their hearts have never known.
And now the caitiffs steal by night to storm the Fort of Slaines—
They reck not of the fiery blood that leaps in Scottish veins!

Onward they creep with noiseless tread—their treacherous feet are bare,
Lest the harsh clang of iron heels their slumbering prey should scare.
"Yon moat," they vow, "shall soon be crossed, yon rampart soon be scaled,
And all who hunger for the spoil, with spoil shall be regaled.
Press on—press on—and high in air the Raven Standard wave;
Those drowsy Scots this night shall end their sleep within the grave!"

Silent as shadows, on they glide, the gloomy fosse is nigh,
"Glory to Odin, Victory's Lord! its shelving depths are dry.
Speed, warriors, speed,"—but hark! a shriek of agonizing pain

THE THISTLE

19

Bursts from a hundred Danish throats—again it rings,
again!

Rank weeds had overgrown the moat, now drained
by summer's heat,

And bristling crops of thistles pierced the raiders'
naked feet!

That cry, like wail of pibroch, stirred the sentry's
kindling soul,

And, shouting "Arms! to arms!" he sped the Castle
bell to toll.

But ere its echoes died away upon the ear of
night,

Each clansman started from his couch, and armed him
for the fight;

The draw-bridge falls,—and, side by side, the banded
heroes fly

To grapple with the pirate-horde and conquer them
or die!

As eagles on avenging wings, from proud Ben Lo-
mond's crest

Swoop fiercely down and dash to earth the spoilers of
their nest;

As lions bound upon their prey or, as the burning
tide

Sweeps onward with resistless might from some vol-
cano's side;

So rushed that gallant band of Scots, the garrison of
Slaines,

Upon the Tigers of the Sea, the carnage-loving Danes.

The lurid glare of torches served to light them to their foes,
They hewed those felons, hip and thigh, with stern, relentless blows,
Claymore, and battle-axe, and spear were steeped in slaughter's flood,
While every thistle in the moat was splashed with crimson blood;
And when the light of morning broke, the legions of the Danes
Lay stiff and stark, in ghastly heaps, around the Fort of Slaines!

Nine hundred years have been engulfed within the grave of Time, Since those grim Vikings of the North by death atoned their crime.
In memory of that awful night, the thistle's hardy grace Was chosen as the emblem meet of Albin's dauntless race;
And never since, in battle's storm, on land or on the sea, Hath Scotland's honour tarnished been—God grant it ne'er may be!

A PARABLE

21

A PARABLE.*

With limbs at rest on the earth's green breast
In a dim and solemn wood,
A proud form lay, on a summer day,
In listless, dreaming mood.

A streamlet slow in the brake below
Went sadly wailing on,
With murmurs wild, like a restless child
That seeketh something gone.

The Dreamer rose from his vain repose
With stern and sullen look,
And scornful ire blazed forth like fire,
As he cursed the simple brook;

"Thy murmurs deep disturb my sleep—
Be still, thou streamlet hoarse!
Small right hast thou of voice, I trow,
To tell thy foolish course."

The waters stirred, for a spirit heard—
The spirit of the streams—
And a voice replied, that softly sighed
Like a voice we hear in dreams.

"If the sleeper fear my voice to hear,
Let him stir each rocky stone,
Whose cruel force impedes my course
And makes my waters moan."

*These verses, written at Oxford, were given by me to Sir Edwin Arnold, and served to fill two pages in his first published volume, entitled "Poems: Narrative and Lyrical."

Oft in my heart strange fancies start
And a voice in plaintive strain
Sings, sadly sings, that earthly things
Were shadowed in my brain;

That wealth and birth on God's free earth,
Oft curse the noise and strife
Which poor men make, as they strive to break
Through the rugged ways of life.

The sad voice sings, that ermined kings
Dream on in stately halls,
With curses deep for their broken sleep
When an anguished people calls;

And when sharp stones wake human moans,
They hear, but never move,
Nor lend men strength to win at length
The liberty they love.

AN EASTERN JUDGE.

Before a Judge two Arabs came,
One to deny and one to claim:

And one was young and one was old—
They differed, like the tales they told.

The young man spake: "Nine days have flown,
Since the hot sands I crossed alone.

My gold meanwhile I left in trust
With yon old man, reputed just.

My journey o'er, his tent I sought;
He swears I trusted him with naught!"

"Name," said the Judge, "the sum of gold:
And where, I pray thee, was it told?"

"Four score gold pieces did I tell,
Beneath a palm-tree, by a well."

Then spake the Judge: "Go seek that tree,
And hither bid him come to me;

But take my seal, that he may know
To whom thou biddest him to go."

The youth went out into the plain—
The old man and the Judge remain.

An hour passed by—and not a word
From either of the twain was heard.

At length the Judge: "He cometh not.
Dost think the lad hath reached the spot?"

The old man, startled, answered: "No—
Far o'er the sands the tree doth grow."

The Judge spake sternly, like a King:
"How knowest where that palm doth spring?

For in the desert, near and far,
I trow that many palm-trees are."

The youth came back and said: "The tree
Returnèd answer none to me."

"He hath been here," the Judge did say,
"The gold is thine: go now thy way."

THE LAKE.

(From the French of Lamartine.)

Must we for ever to some distant clime
Drift through the night despairingly away ?
And can we never on the sea of Time
Cast anchor for a day ?

O Lake! a year hath passed with all its pain,
And, by the waves she hoped once more to see,
Here, on this stone, I seat myself again,
But ask not where is she ?

Thus didst thou murmur in thy rocky caves,
On their torn flanks thy waters thus did beat,
While the gay Zephyr flung thy foaming waves
Around her fairy feet.

One summer eve we floated from thy shores,
Dost thou recall it ? Not a sound was heard,
Save when the measured cadence of our oars
The dreamy silence stirred.

Then tones more sweet than earth shall ever hear,
Sweet tones that never will be heard again,
Woke slumbering echoes round the haunted mere
That listened to the strain,

" O blissful Time ! suspend thy flight,
Dear hours, prolong your stay,
And let us taste the fleet delight
Of this enchanting day.

Alas ! too many filled with woe
Thy tardiness regret;
For these, outstrip the winds, but oh !
Earth's happy ones forget !

I ask some moments more, in vain—
Time's wings more swiftly fly :
' O rapturous eve,' I sigh, ' remain,'—
Lo ! night is in the sky.

Come, let us love—the minutes flee—
Love may not long abide ;
Time's river knows no ebb, and we
Drift onward with the tide."

O jealous Time, say, why must hours like these,
That thrill the heart with youthful passion's glow,
Take wing more quickly on the summer breeze
Than dismal hours of woe ?

Can we not fix one joyous moment's trace,
Must it from earth be cancelled evermore !
Shall Time each record of our love efface,
Refusing to restore ?

O grand Eternity ! O solemn Past !
Ye, whose abyss engulfs our little day,
Speak, will ye grant again the bliss, at last,
That once ye snatched away ?

O Lake beloved, mute caves, and forest green,
 Whose beauty Time ne'er suffers to depart,
 Keep fresh the memory of that evening scene,
 Fair Nature, in thy heart !

Keep it, dear Lake, in sunshine and in storm,
 In all the varied aspects of thy shore
 In these dark pines, and rocks of savage form
 That round thy waters soar.

Still let it live in every breeze that sighs,
 In each soft echo that the hills repeat,
 In every star that on thy bosom lies
 With lustre, calm and sweet.

Let night-winds murmur to the reeds her name,
 Let the faint fragrance that embalms each glade,
 Let every sound and sight and scent proclaim,
 "Here, two fond lovers strayed."

GOD'S HEROES.

Once, at a battle's close, a soldier met
 A youthful comrade whom his eyes had missed
 Amid the dust and tumult of the strife.
 Flushed with the glow of victory, and proud
 Of wounds received in presence of his Chief,
 He spake in tones of triumph to the boy ;
 "I did not see thee in the battle's flame ;"
 The stripling answered : "I was in the smoke."
 Then, with his hand upon his bleeding heart,
 He closed his eyes, and suddenly fell dead !

So, countless heroes, oft unheeded, fight
In Life's grim battle, hidden by the smoke.
With patient martyrdom they ply the tasks
That God assigns them. Words of sympathy
From human lips too seldom cheer their toil,
Or help them to be victors over pain.
Few mark their struggles in the crowded world—
Few soothe their anguish while they only bleed—
And, when they answer to the call of Death,
Their names are syllabled on earth no more.

A LEGEND OF THE CHILD JESUS.

WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

You ask a story, dearest. Here is one
Heard oft amid the peasant homes of France.

It was the time when Jesus was a child,
And, with the Baptist and his cherished lamb,
He wandered forth among the hills and dales
In the calm hours that closed a summer eve.
And they were glad: the lambkin frisked and played,
Or cropped green herbage with its milk-white teeth,
While the two cousins gathered wilding flowers,
Dipped their bare feet in limpid streams, or culled
Ripe crimson berries from full-laden boughs.
As thus they rambled peacefully it chanced
Two rustic children met them. These were wroth
Each with the other, and the stronger held
Bound by the feet a white and innocent dove
That strove to soar and ever as she strove
Was balked and baffled by a spiteful cord.

Out spake the weaker lad: "The bird is mine.
Why hast thou robbed me? It was I that snared
The silly pigeon and thou hast no right
To filch my plaything. Give me back my own."
Thereat, his comrade stormed a wilful "No!
Thou shalt not have it; I will keep the bird."
Then the meek Jesus sorrowfully spake:
'Lo! with red blood her slender legs are stained,
Her eyes are dim and she is sick to death:
How wilt thou find thy pleasure in her pain?
I cannot think thou hast a cruel heart,
For thou, like me, art still of tender years;
Too thoughtless, may be. Wherefore loose, I pray,
This chafing cord and let the captive fly
Home to her callow nestlings that await
Her coming and are all agape for food."
Then the boy's heart was softened and he said:
"Well hast thou spoken and thy pitying tones
Have moved my pity more than I can tell.
Thy pleading shames me;—I will loose the dove.
Would I were like thee; but whate'er I am,
Thou must not think that I am void of ruth."
So saying, he unloosed the cord that bound
The victim's feet, and "Pretty sufferer, fly,"
He cried, "fly homeward to thy downy nest
In the green woods and feed thy gaping chicks."
But, when the other saw the harmless bird
Freed from her bonds, he stooped and snatched a stone
Up from the roadside, and with deadly aim
And fury, hurled it at the joyous dove
Which dropped to earth, as lifeless as the stone—
Her slim throat mangled by the ragged flint.

Then, with keen taunts, he flung her at the feet
Of Jesus, hissing: "Meddler! take thy prize
And grant the darling leave to soar again!"
But the meek Jesus sadly from the ground
Raised the dead bird, and said: "Alas! poor boy,
Thou dost not know the evil thou hast wrought
By thy brief passion. God himself alone
Can to a lifeless creature life recall."

Then, kneeling down, he humbly joined his hands
In prayer, and, looking up to heaven with eyes
That swam in tears, sighed, "O! that I were God!"
And once again, "Ah! would that I were God!"
Scarce had his prayer upfloated, when the dove,
Kissed by his hallowed lips, unclosed her eyes,
Oped her light wings and clove the liquid air.
Awestruck, the children watched; then, he whose hand
Had freed the captive, whispered: "Art thou God?"
And Jesus answered him: "I cannot tell."

Then suddenly a rush of nimble wings
Whirred, and descending in a golden beam,
The dove returned and settled on the brow
Of the meek Jesus. While it lingered there,
The spell-bound children heard a solemn voice
That fell like music on their ears, and cried:
"I am the God of Heaven and He who woke
Life from death's sleep is my beloved Son."
Then first the Baptist by these tokens knew
That the meek Jesus was the Son of God;
And gazing on the twice-born dove, he saw
A brown half-circle on her snowy neck
Marked newly there, in memory of the wound
Healed by the kisses of the Holy Child.

THE TIME WILL COME.

RONDEAU.

The time will come, when thou and I
 Shall meet once more before we die;
 The links of passion's broken chain
 Shall be united once again,
 In coming days for which we sigh.

And thus the sorrows I defy
 That cloud the sunshine of our sky,
 For Hope still sings her sweet refrain,
 The time will come.

O that the hours which loiter by
 Would match my swift desire, and fly:
 But fond impatience I restrain,
 Sure that Love's trust is not in vain,
 And that in answer to my cry,
 The time will come.

A LESSON OF MERCY.

Beneath a palm-tree by a clear cool spring
 God's Prophet, Mahomet, lay slumbering,
 Till roused by chance, he saw before him stand
 A foeman, Durther—scimitar in hand.
 The chieftain bade the startled sleeper rise;
 And with a flame of triumph in his eyes,
 "Who now can save thee, Mahomet?" he cried.
 "God," said the Prophet, "God, my friend and guide."
 Awe-struck the Arab dropped his naked sword,

Which, grasped by Mahomet, defied its lord:
And, "Who can save thee now thy blade is won?"
Exclaimed the Prophet. Durther answered, "None!"
Then spake the victor: "Though thy hands are red
With guiltless blood unmercifully shed,
I spare thy life, I give thee back thy steel,
Henceforth, compassion for the helpless feel."
And thus the twain, unyielding foes of yore,
Clasped hands in token that their feud was o'er.

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

"Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God."—*New Testament*.

Once, at the self-same point of time,
Two mortals passed from earth:
One was a King of caste sublime,
But base the other's birth;
And each had led a stainless life
Amid this sinful planet's strife.

Upward the spirits took their flight
Enfranchised and elate,
Till soon they reached the realms of light
And paused at Eden's gate,
Where, waiting them, with joy they see
The Fisherman of Galilee.

He oped the Gate, one lustrous stone,
And ushered in the King,
While the poor peasant, left alone,

Heard songs of welcoming
And strains of harps, divinely sweet,
Poured forth the Royal Guest to greet

The music ceased, the Heavenly Guide
Flung back the Gate again
And bade the peasant at his side
Join the seraphic train;
But, strange to say, no Angels sang,
No harps through Heaven symphonious rang!

"O Saint revered!" the peasant cried,
"Why chant no choirs for me
As for yon Monarch in his pride?
Am I less dear than he?
Can aught but equity have birth
Here, in high Heaven, as on the earth?"

"My Son," the Saint replied, "thou art
As dear as kingly clay;
But men like thee, of lowly heart,
Come hither every day—
While Dives at the Gate appears
Once only in a hundred years!"

THE STORY OF BROTHER PAUL.

(As told to a friend in the Convent-garden.)

(Suggested by a picture by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.)

Dear friend, you question me if I
Am happy, and I thus reply:
How can I be so when my life
Seems an interminable strife
Between a pure, but earthly love,
And voices calling from above?
You start: my words sound strange and wild,
The language of some wayward child,
And so you marvel—I forget,
'Tis six long years since last we met—
You knew me then as Paul D'Estrés,
You find me "Brother Paul" to-day,
A pale, worn monk, whose life of woes
Is nearing to a welcome close.
Nay, speak not yet: for though I hate
My tragic story to relate,
Here in this Convent-garden, where
The sunlight streams, the flowers are fair,
And all around seems breathing balm,
As though each restless heart to calm—
Still, I will bare my inmost soul
To you who pity and condole.
No lapse of time can e'er destroy
The hallowed memory of the joy
I felt, when first I gazed upon
The face of Gabrielle Yvonne.
Your subtlest words can scarce express
The magic of her loveliness:

Her guileless eyes and golden hair
Still haunt my vision everywhere,
And in the Convent when I paint
Scenes from the life of some sweet Saint,
Some priceless manuscript to grace,
Each picture but repeats her face.
Our souls were one—we had no thought
But for each other—life was naught
While we were parted, and I swore
Fond vows, still cherished as of yore.
Our homes, before my father died,
Lay closely nestling side by side;
My castle now with all its lands
Has passed forever from my hands,
And, had my pride not met this fall,
I would not here be "Brother Paul."
My father died—his life had been
A course of recklessness and sin,
Since his young wife had passed away—
And for the first time, on the day
When with vain pomp his limbs were laid
Within the ancestral chapel's shade,
I learnt that if our ancient name
Could be redeemed from scorn and shame,
I must at once prepare to roam
A ruined exile from my home.
But worse than all, my Gabrielle's sire
Cursed my wrecked fortunes in his ire,
And sternly bade me ne'er again
Set foot within his broad domain.
Enough—I left my natal place,
But saved our honour from disgrace.

Years passed: where'er my footsteps sped,
My pencil won me fame—and bread—
And in my paintings you can trace
Always the same angelic face,
For earthly maid almost too fair,
With guileless eyes and golden hair,
Far from this cloister—years ago—
A youth whom erst I used to know
Here in loved Normandy, revealed
News he might better have concealed:
"Thy fair-haired Gabrielle is wed—
They lied, and told her thou wast dead!"
I fell beneath this lightning stroke,
And, from my trance when I awoke,
Six months, with raving frenzy rife,
Were cancelled from my weary life.
'Twas then that cankered by despair,
Dazed by the world's remorseless glare
I passed within this Convent wall
To bear the name of "Brother Paul."
And an. I happy now, you ask:
Behold me. Do I wear a mask?
I scourge my flesh, I fast, I pray,
But in each moment of each day,
Between myself and Heaven I trace
The shadow of a saintly face,
For earthly maid almost too fair,
With guileless eyes and golden hair.
One eve, my sorrows to allay,
I sought in solitude to pray,
And while I meekly stood before
The sombre Abbey's open door,

I heard some footsteps lightly fall
On the paved walk that skirts the wall,
And as I turned my glances fell
Upon the face of Gabrielle.
Our eyes but for a moment met
In one sad gaze of fond regret;
Then in dead silence passing on,
The woman that I loved was gone.
Close by her side she led a child,
Whose lips angelically smiled,
While his small hand was reaching nigh
Two butterflies that floated by.
Ah! Who can guess the yearning pain
With which I saw my love again,
Or who can blame me for the sin
Of musing on what might have been?
With a strange thrill of tender joy
I gazed upon the lovely boy,
Till both his mother's self and he
Seemed to belong, by right, to me,
And fancy tempted me to deem
The past a false and evil dream.
But reason woke: I passed within
The Abbey's gloom, and strove to win
Christ's pardon for the thoughts that still
Confused my soul against my will.
And now my hapless tale is told,
One vision haunts me as of old—
One image never will depart
Till Death shall hush this throbbing heart,
And, trusting to the love of God,
I sleep at last, beneath the sod!

ROBERT BURNS.

Large hearted minstrel! from the sphere
Where now thou dwellest, if thine eyes
Can watch the spell-bound myriads—here—
Whose lips thy genius eulogize;
If pain thou feelst now no more,
Thy wayward life's wild battle o'er;
If tears that at thy memory start
Can touch thy sympathetic heart;
On this thy birth-day we would fain
Hope— even if the hope be vain—
That thou with tranquil joy may'st see
The loving honours paid to thee,
Thou Laureate of the Poor! whose song
O'er the charm'd earth shall echo long.
As stars, that garish day concealed,
Shine forth amid the shades of night,
So, thy dark destiny revealed

Each fault and frailty to our sight.
The nightingale, that sings forlorn
With bosom prest against a thorn,
Is type of thee, whose noblest lays
Were hymned in sorrow-clouded days;
Bard of the vale and stream and grove,
Thou lyric oracle of love!

Genius, by signs that cannot lie,
Flashed in full glory from thine eye.
In thee a hero's ardour burned,
In thee a woman's pity yearned;
Passion and pathos—fire and tears—
Baptized thy life's few tragic years.

So—in the summer-cloud that lowers
Keen lightning lurks—with gentle showers;
So—from their depths volcanoes bring
The fire-flood and the healing spring.
Gaze on the Poet's stalwart form
Dilating through the mist and storm.
The whirlwind shrieks—the thunders roll—
They wake fierce echoes in his soul.
Hark! 'Mid the elemental war
He hears the battle's maddening roar;
The tempest loud and louder raves—
He treads on Scottish heroes' graves:
They wake—they rise—past scenes return—
It is the fight of Bannockburn!

He sees—he thrills—he glows—
As, battling for the ground they trod,
His phantom brethren—"red-wat shod"
Charge over trampled corse and clod,

Down on their Southron foes!
His ardent spirit onward sped

To join the exulting throng—
His banner was the lightning red,
His march, the whirlwind overhead,
And "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled"
His glorious battle-song!

And yet dumb cattle, and the "silly sheep,"
"Smoor'd" in a snow-drift, made this hero weep.
Crushed by his plough, the daisy upward turns
Its dying eye, and wins immortal tears;
The nest-robbed "mousie," numb with piteous fears—
The "wee" bird "chittering" on a frozen spray,

Hungry and cold on winter's bleakest day—
To all of these the strong man's pity yearns;
What helpless thing but melts the heart of Burns?

He sang his comrades unrenowned,
Shepherds and tillers of the ground;
Brave Poverty—inglorious worth—
The guiltless conquerors of earth,
Heroic souls of humblest life,
Stern soldiers in the ceaseless strife
Waged—since this planet's course began —
'Twixt hard necessity and man.
Their low'y joys, their labours dull
The poet's touch made beautiful;
He deemed nought "common or unclean"—
His spirit sanctified the mean—
And the rude mattock in his hand
Seemed like a sceptre of command!

So—he is loved throughout the earth
Beyond the land that gave him birth;
So—where his youth and manhood toiled,
Undaunted still, though sorely foiled,
Where once he broke the stubborn clod
He reigns supreme—a household god—
And pilgrims venerate the spot
Where stands the Poet's clay-built cot.

In cities—where, 'mid smoke and gloom,
The engine clanks and whirrs the loom;
Where, 'mid a wilderness of bricks,
Grim Toil and Trade their empire fix,
And Want and Affluence, side by side,

Are whirled on traffic's roaring tide;
Where dim, discoloured streams that erst
From mossy springs clear-bubbling burst,
Now, clogged and silent, welter on
With all their light and music gone—
There—by the foundry's furnace glow,
Or black canal—barge-laden, slow—
Among the toiling swarms of men
The Minstrel of the linn and glen,
Hath lays to captivate each ear—
For joy, a laugh—for grief, a tear.
And Burns to them is dearer far
Than Shakespeare's self and Milton are,
Dearer—because there runs some vein
Warm from his heart through every strain.
What though he be no cultured sage
Rich in the lore of classic page—
He tells them that the honest poor
In God's eyes never are obscure—
That rank and riches—blood and birth—
Are but the accidents of earth,
And that a garb of "hodden-grey"
Is not less grand than kings' array.
If he who wears it will and can
Uphold the dignity of man.

And thus—the shepherd on the moor;
The lasses, bleaching on the braes;
The gude-wife, spinning at the door;
The reaper in the noon-tide blaze;
The wayworn hunter on the fell;
The milk-maid in the hazel dell;
The fisher, rocked upon the deep;

The mother, ere her "bairnies" sleep;
Australian herdsmen, as they roam,
And settlers in a "New World" home;
Sailors, amid the Atlantic main,
And soldiers on the Indian plain;
Joyful, or joyless, all in turns
Sing the sweet songs of Robert Burns—
Those miracles of matchless art,
That nestle warmly in each heart!

THE SWISS DESERTER.

In Strasbourg's fortress old and strong,
Began this sore mischance of mine:
I heard an Alpine horn prolong
Its echoes from across the Rhine.
I heard—I plunged—and strove to gain
My native shore, alas! in vain.

'Twas at the darkest hour of night
When I, the homesick boy, was caught,
And with my arms both pinioned tight
Before the unpitying Captain brought.
My mates had dragged me from the wave,
And nought, O God, my life can save.

To-morrow—at the hour of ten—
Before the regiment I must stand,
And humbly ask their pardon then,
Obedient to the Chief's command:
Doomed for my crime without delay,
The penalty of Death to pay.

Comrades! ye see me, be it known,
For the last time on earth to-day:
'Twas the young herdsman who alone
Caused that my life must pass away;
His Alpine horn bewitched my youth
To yearn for home—God knows the truth.

Ye three, that armed with rifles stand,
Loved comrades! hear my last desire—
See that ye lift no trembling hand,
Aim true together, when ye fire:
Straight let each bullet pierce my heart,
I ask this only ere we part.

O Lord! who art the King of Heaven,
Draw my poor soul to Thee on high:
May all my frailties be forgiven
By Thy great mercy ere I die.
Hereafter, let me dwell with Thee,
O Lord, my God, remember me!

A DREAM ABOUT THE ASPEN.

Oh! know ye why the aspen leaves so tremulously
sigh
When through the burning summer noon no breeze is
heard on high,
When the green canopies that crown the woodlands
are at rest,
And gladden faint wayfaring men with shadows calm
and blest?

In the dread hour when God's own Son upon the
Cross was nailed,
The fierce red splendour of the sun in midnight gloom
was veiled,
Earth's bosom heaved, and girt around with darkness
deep and still
Men bowed, like frail wind-shaken reeds, before God's
mighty will.
With dim presentiment of woe, each beast concealed
his form,
And shrank within his cavern-home, as though beneath
a storm;
No bird-wing fluttered in the grove, or floated through
the air,
And Nature's heart had ceased to beat, wrung deeply
by despair,
Save that the shrouded trees and flowers still mur-
mured low in thought,
And wailing told of deeds of blood and justice set at
nought,
Of bigot priests and traitor hearts and faith for silver
bought.

The cedar groves on Lebanon a dirge-like music made,
And dark as night athwart the hills was flung their
giant shade;
While softly from a weeping tree, the tree of Babylon,
A voice in lonely whisper sighed, " 'Tis finished—He
is gone!"
Then deeply down she hung her boughs within
Euphrates' stream
And ever dreameth of His death a life-enduring
dream.

Calmly beneath the eye of heaven the glowing vine-yards slept,
The vintner watched the big bright tears that from the branches wept,
And when the purple clusters dropped and the new wine was prest,
Mindful he named it "Tears of Christ," and still that name is blest.

But soon a vapour round the Mount arose with fragrant flow,
Breathed from the very soul of Love compassionating Woe,
By the night-blooming violet to cool the burning brain
Of Him whose thorn-encircled brow throbbed wildly in its pain.
Mournfully spake the cypress then, "My branches I will wave
In memory of this awful hour for ever by the grave;"
And through the sultry dimness passed a gently-wafted breath,
As to the Cross an Angel moved, stern messenger of death;
A sad voice groaned: "My God! my God! why hast thou me forsaken?"
And all the trees and flowers with fear and agony were shaken.

The Aspen shook not: she alone, a proud unpitying tree,
Stood tearless, motionless beside the Mount of Calvary,

And thus outspake that haughty one: "What reck
we of thy pain?
Why should we weep? We trees and flowers are free
from sinful stain:
Soon will my sisters cease to pine—this hour will soon
be o'er—
A bright epiphany of joy shall beam for evermore."

Then Death's dark Angel took the cup, red with the
Saviour's blood,
And at the cold proud Aspen's root poured forth the
mystic flood,
And spake strange words, and by those words the
miserable tree
Was cursed, and every leaf was doomed a quivering
leaf to be;
And till that old, old curse be dead, her branches
cannot rest,
But still she feareth, trembleth still, when all is calm
and blest.
Scorn not the tale! Those thoughts were born within
a child-like heart,
E'en as the tears that in our eyes so oft unbidden
start—
Born like the strains that gush from out the forest-
warbler's breast,
That soft or shrill are bird-song still and may not be
represt.
Then scoff not at the simple tale, nor deem the legend
wild,
It was not woven that the ears of men might be be-
guiled,

But that men's eyes might trace the form of Truth in
Fiction's stream
And read a world-old, God-framed law foreshadowed
in a dream.

Slowly 'tis learnt by heart, although by memory
quickly caught—
Faintly 'tis writ in tears upon the tablets of the
thought—
Still, still that law of exile lives—the ban of Heaven
above—
That "they who shut Love out shall be in turn shut
out from Love."

BROTHERLY LOVE;

OR, THE SITE OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

There is a sweet traditional tale,
(Dear to each brother of the Mystic Tie)
Which, though recording but a simple deed,
A simple deed—and yet how full of love—
I would that men might hear and take to heart.

That tale's clear echo, like some lute that thrills
'Mid lordlier instruments, hath floated down
Borne, like a perfume, on the breath of Time,
From the dim age of Solomon the King.
And even now its music is not dead,
Nor can it die, so long as human hearts
Feel the quick pulse of brotherhood leap high.

The harvest moon was shining on the grain
That waved all golden in the fields around
The stately city of Jerusalem.
There—a few acres all the wealth they owned—
Two brothers dwelt together, most unlike
In outward form and aspect, but the same
In deep unfailing tenderness of soul.
Stalwart and strong, one brother drove the plough,
Or plied the sickle with untiring arm,
The while his fragile comrade seemed to droop
Beneath the heat and burden of the day
As one not fitted for the toils of life.

Well knowing this, the elder brother rose
At dead of night and woke his sleeping wife
And said: "Dear heart, my brother is not strong:
Ill hath he borne the burden of the day,
Reaped the full grain, and bound the yellow sheaves.
I will arise and while my brother sleeps
Will of my shocks take here and there a sheaf
At random—that he may not note the loss—
And add the grain, thus pilfered, to his store;
And God well knoweth that we shall not miss
The sheaves devoted to a brother's need."

So, the man rose up in the dead of night
And, as his great heart prompted, so he did.

Now, while the younger pondered on his bed,
Unwitting of his brother's gracious deed,
Kind thoughts, like Angels, visited his soul
And thus he spake, communing with himself,
"Scant is my harvest—but I am alone,

■ POEMS OF GEORGE MURRAY

And thus it hap my harvest is not scant,
Nor have I need to lay up store on earth,
For death treads closely on the heels of life!
Seeing that these things are so, let me do
What good I may, before I travel hence
And be no more. My brother has a wife
And babes to work for—and he is not rich—
From sunrise unto sunset though he toils.
I will arise and while my brother sleeps,
Will of my shocks take here and there a sheaf,
And add the grain, thus pilfered, to his store;
For 'tis not fitting that my share should be
Equal to his, who hath more need than I."

So he, too, rose up in the dead of night.
And, as his great heart prompted, so he did.

But all the time he wrought that loving deed,
He trod the field with feather-footed care,
And paused at times, and listened—while the sheaves
Shook in his arms and every grain that dropped
Left his face pallid as the moon's white ray.
So, like a man with guilt upon his soul,
Full of vain fears he wrought his task, and then
Stole, like a shadow, to his lonely bed,
And slept the sleep that cometh to the good.
And thus these two, moved by the self-same love,
Each on the other nightly did bestow
The kindly boon, much wondering that his shocks
Did show no loss, though robbed of many sheaves.

At length one night—while tenderly the Moon
Looked down from Heav'n on their unselfish love—

The brothers met; the arms of both were filled
With golden sheaves and then they understood
The riddle that they could not read before.

The simple tale (for, to the neighbours round
Each brother fondly told his brother's deed),
Soon through the garrulous streets was noised abroad
Until 'twas whispered in the Royal Court
And reached the ears of Solomon the King.
Its pathos stole, like music, to his heart
And stirred the fountain of delicious tears
And thus he spake: "The ground whereon that deed
Was wrought, henceforth is consecrated earth;
For, surely, it is sanctified by love,
The love that loveth to do good by stealth.
I, therefore, leagued with Hiram, King of Tyre,
Who hews me cedar-trees on Lebanon
And aided also by the Widow's Son,
Cunning to work in silver and in gold,
Will on that field erect the House of God
Exceedingly magnifical and high—
Because I ween that nowhere in the world
A site more holy shall I ever find."

So it was done according to his word:
And God's own House was builded on the spot
Where those two brothers in the moonlight met,
Each with the golden sheaves within his arms.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

"O, call back yesterday, bid time return." SHAKESPEARE.

Poor faded flower,
Thy pale dead form hath caused the tears to start
And stirred the waters of my lonely heart
With strange angelic power.

Long years ago
Ere life's glad sunshine languished into shade,
Thou wast the fragrant offering of a maid
Fair as the world can show.

Let me call up
The Past's dim ghost by memory's potent spell:
One pearl at least is left, for which 'tis well
To drain grief's bitter cup!

"Twas summer eve,
And she and I, fair maiden and fond boy,
Together wandered full of such deep joy
As age can ne'er retrieve.

The cherished scene
Gleams through a mist of tears and memory sees
The velvet turf, the patriarchal trees,
The woodland cool and green.

A silver lake
Before us slumbered; herds of timid deer
With horns thrown back, came trooping to the mere
From many a leafy brake:

With large bright eyes
And ears erect, they marked our coming feet,
One moment paused, then vanished in retreat
Swift as a falcon flies.

A fairy boat
Rocked on the ripples, captive to a bough;
I loosed its chain and oared the ship's prow
Through lily-leaves afloat.

Eve's golden ray
Streamed o'er our path; my sweet companion veered
Straight for a greenly-wooded isle and veered
Dimly through crimson haze.

We did not speak:
When bliss is infinite, what need of speech?
Our keel soon grated on the pebbly beach
That fringed a sheltered creek.

So strayed we on,
Through shadowy aisles of close-embracing trees
Whose restless foliage murmured like the seas,
A slumberous monotone.

Green twinkling leaves
Lit by slant sunbeams tremulously made
Quaint shifting arabesques of light and shade
Such as nought earthly weaves.

The Zephyr's sigh
And hum of insect-swarms alone were heard,
Save when some squirrel leapt, or nestling bird
Sang vespers from on high.

With silent joy
We stood and gazed and listened. There was nought
To mar the spell by one intrusive thought
That might our dreams annoy.

Each sense seemed drowned
In waves of happiness; I turned to tell
My soul's deep bliss to her who knew it well—
Her looks perused the ground:

There, flowering wild
'Mid emerald leaves and buds with ruby tips,
Crimson and dewy as her own sweet lips,
A fragrant blossom smiled.

With loving heed
I stooped to pluck it from its verdant nook,
When she, with playfully capricious look,
Stooped and forestalled the deed;

Then, arch coquette,
She flashed upon me her bewildering eyes
In saucy triumph and displayed the prize,
And then—our fingers met:

Her soft white hand
Sent a keen shiver through my tingling frame—
Each vein seemed glowing with a subtle flame
That each pulsation fanned.

I took the flower,
I caught her hand and clasped it in my own,
And murmured vows in fond impassioned tone,
Accordant with the hour.

She did not check
The heaving tides of passion's fiery flood,
But the quick current of her tell-tale blood
Rushed over face and neck:

The faint pink flush
Of dainty sea-shell, or deep-bosomed rose,
Rich sunset hues asleep on virgin snows
Scarce typify her blush.

And then she sighed;
The small white teeth within her lips apart
Gleamed like the rain-drops that some bud's red heart
Caressing, half doth hide.

She did not move,
Her eyes half closed in languor's dim eclipse—
I pressed upon the blossom of her lips
The first sweet kiss of love.

Ah! me! Ah! me!
Our fondest joys endure but for a day,
While pains make nest-homes of our hearts and stay
And so 'twill ever be.

That maid is gone!
She, whose rare nature formed my soul's delight,
Long since to kindred angels took her flight
And I am left alone!

But there is balm
Still for my woe; the memory of her smiles
Back to youth's morning-land my heart beguiles
And brings elysian calm.

And thus I vow,
 Though colour, beauty, fragrance, all are fled
 From the pale flower that lies before me dead,
 I hold it sacred now:

And I would fling
 The queenliest blooms aside that scent the breeze
 In odorous isles of blue Pacific seas,
 For this poor withered thing!

THE DEAF GIRL.

When childhood's laughing tones reveal
 Deep blessedness of heart,
 I feign the joy I long to feel
 And check the sobs that start;
 Shrouding the agony that lies
 Within my dim, tear-blinded eyes,
 Because on earth eternally
 The door of sound is closed for me,
 And man—man knoweth not the key!

In solitude I love to dream
 Of what I may not hear,
 And muse how sweet a sound must seem,
 A human voice, how dear!
 Alas! that dreams which soothe and bless
 Should be so full of nothingness!
 I wake and all is mystery:
 The door of sound is closed for me,
 And man—man knoweth not the key!

I shall not long be here on earth,
My mother's eyes are wet:
She felt, e'en when she gave me birth,
My star would quickly set.
I grow less earthly day by day,
Then tell me why should death delay?
God calls me home, God sets me free:
The door of sound is closed for me,
But oh! it shall not always be.

My form is frail, my sight is dim,
Life's tide is ebbing fast:
My failing senses seem to swim
And all will soon be past!
Peace, peace! I hear sweet angel-tones
Singing in Heaven round the thrones;
One last brief prayer on bended knee—
The door of sound is oped for me,
But God, God only, held the key!

THE NEAPOLITANS TO MOZART.

Strange musical wizard! the spells of thine art
Can ne'er but with life from our memory depart;
The notes are now hushed, but their echo still rolls,
Like a slow-ebbing tide, o'er our passionate souls.

"In Italy they told little Mozart that it was his bewitched ring that accomplished all his feats on the piano, until he took off the ring and quietly put it on the desk" -- *Temple Bar*, for May, 1886, p. 50.

"We remember Mozart's being obliged to take off his ring, while performing at Naples. The poetical and music-loving public of that land of song could only account for his divine genius by the belief that a spirit inhabited the jewel on his finger." -- *Foreign Review*, No. VII.

Fair Naples, thou know'st, is the home of sweet song,
And thither earth's minstrels all lovingly throng;
Inspired are the pilgrims who visit this shrine,
But when have we known inspiration like thine?

The kings of this world never heard on their thrones
Such rare modulations, such jubilant tones;
The music of dreams is less marvellous far
Than the chords of thy ravishing harmonies are.

With thy nostrils dilated, and tremulous lips,
Thine eyes lit with glory that nought can eclipse,
Thou seemest some Angel, and multitudes trace
God's breath passing shadow-like over thy face.

Where learnt thy weird fingers each exquisite strain
That floods our quick spirits with pleasure or pain?
Who taught thee to wake from mute ivory keys
Low moans like deep thunder, sighs soft as the breeze?

Our poets have chronicled oft in their rhyme
Fantastic old legends of madness and crime,
Of human souls bartered for gold, might, or fame,
In compact with One whom we shudder to name.

Is it thus thou hast gained supernatural skill?
Hast thou mortgaged thy soul to the Spirit of Ill?
Away with thy harmony, Wizard—but no—
Those tones are seraphic, it cannot be so.

There are beings we know of celestial birth,
Commissioned to haunt this dim planet of earth;
Their silver-winged legions float ever in air,
Our eyes may not see them, but still they are there:

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN 57

Perchance some bright minister, now at thy side,
To music's keen pathos thy fingers may guide;
For, oh! thy rapt strains in their tenderness seem
Like snatches of angel-song heard in a dream.

See! see! on thy finger there flashes a gem—
Its radiance is fit for a king's diadem:
Cast off that ring, Wizard! Some musical sprite
Dwells shrined in that jewel's ineffable light.

Now, strike the still chords! Sweeter murmurs are
heard
Like the whispers of love, or the song of a bird.
Our tears fall like rain, Stranger, give us thy prayers,
Men have entertained Angels ere now unawares!

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

(From the prose of Jean Paul Richter)

Once on a time, it was the New Year's Night,
An old man at his window stood and gazed
Upon the myriad-eyed and changeless Heaven,
And on the pure white earth whereon there sighed
No human soul so hopeless as his own.

In mute despair he gazed upon his grave!
The snows of age and not the green of youth
Shrouded its blackness: and that woeful man
Out of his whole rich life now thither brought
Nought but a load of follies, sins, and cares;
A wasted frame, a desolated heart,

And lone old age embittered with remorse.
And now like ghosts the bright days of his youth
Hovered about him: and he stood once more
At Life's dread cross-road by his father's side.
Its right-hand pathway led by sunny tracks
Of virtue to a Paradise of peace
Full of glad harvests and of glorious light;
But the left strayed, through labyrinths of vice,
Down to a dismal, poison-dropping cave,
Where serpents darted mid the dark damp night.

Ah! now those serpents writhed about his breast,
Those poisoned droppings paralyzed his tongue,
He learnt the error of his choice—too late!
Crushed by despair he sobbed aloud to Heaven
"Give back my youth, O God! and oh! my Sire,
Place me once more upon that branching road,
That once again my pathway I may choose."

In vain—his father and his youth were gone!
He saw strange lights that danced above the marsh
And died within the grave-yard—and he sighed,
"Those were my sinful days." He watched a star
Shoot from the skies and glimmer to its fall
To be extinguished on the gloomy earth;
"That star is I," he groaned, and fell Remorse
Gnawed at his wounds again with serpent-fangs.

Suddenly, music for the new-born year
Like distant church-song floated from a tower.
His soul was stirred—he gazed around the earth
And mused upon the playmates of his youth,
Who, happier now and holier far than he,

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN 59

Were teachers of the world, world-honoured men,
Fathers of loving children—and he cried:
"I too, my Sire, might now have happy been,
Thy NEW YEAR's bidding had I erst fulfilled!"

He bowed his head—hot, penitential tears
Streamed on the snow—again he softly sighed,
Hopeless, unconscious almost, "Come again!
O my lost Youth, come back!"

It came again—
For on that strange and solemn New Year's Night
He had but dreamed. His youth was left him still—
His errors only had not been a dream.

With grateful soul he poured his thanks to God,
That he was spared still young to turn aside
From Sin's foul ways and follow the fair track
That leads the pilgrim to a land of peace.

Turn then aside with him, thou wayward youth,
Who standest doubting on the road of Life !
This ghastly dream was pictured for thy sake.
If e'er, grown old, in anguish thou shouldst cry,
"Come back once more, O vanished Youth, come
back!"
The golden years can never more return.

THE SOWER.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Peaceful and cool, the twilight grey
Draws a dim curtain o'er the day,
While in my cottage-porch I lurk
And watch the last lone hour of work.

The fields around are bathed in dew,
And with emotion filled, I view
An old man clothed in rags, who throws
The seed amid the channelled rows.

His shadowy form is looming now
High o'er the furrows of the plough;
Each motion of his arm betrays
A boundless faith in future days.

He stalks along the ample plain,
Comes, goes, and flings abroad the grain;
Unnoted, through the dreamy haze
With meditative soul I gaze.

At last, the vapours of the night
Dilate to heav'n the old man's height,
Till every gesture of his hand
Seems to my eyes sublimely grand!

THE LAMP OF HERO.

(From the French of Louise Achermann.)

When Hero's lover, reckless of the storm,
Each night more hungry for his stealthy bliss,
Swam the swift channel to the trembling form
That waited with a kiss;

A Lamp, with rays that welcomed from afar,
Streamed through the darkness, vigilant and bright,
As though in Heav'n some large immortal star
Unveiled its throbbing light.

The scourging billows strove to blind his eyes,
The winds let loose their fury on the air,
And the scared sea-gulls shrieked discordant cries,
Foreboding death's despair;

But from the summit of the lonely tower
The Lamp still streamed above the waters dim
And the bold swimmer felt redoubled power
Nerve each exhausted limb.

As the dark billows and the winds at strife
Whelmed in their wrath the love-sick boy of old,
So, round humanity the storms of life
Since Time was born have rolled.

But while each lightning-flash reveals a tomb
Which yawns insatiate for each wretch that cowers
In the same dangers, and the same dense gloom
The same true Lamp is ours.

Through the dull haze it glimmers, dim and pale,
 The winds and waters struggle but in vain,
 In clouds of foam the guiding star to veil,
 For still it gleams again.

And we, with faces lifted to the sky,
 Filled with fresh hopes, the raging billows cleave,
 Faint but encouraged by the light on high
 Our venture to achieve.

Pharos of Love! that in the blackest night
 Dost guide our course amid the rocks and shoals,
 O Lamp of Hero! fail not with thy light
 To cheer our sinking souls!

THE FUNERAL OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

(From the French of Julien-Auguste Briseux.)

When fair Louise, half child, half woman, died
 Like some frail blossom crushed by wind and rain,
 Her bier was followed by no mourning train.
 One priest alone accompanied, who sighed
 Brief prayers, to which in accents soft and low,
 A boy-attendant answered, full of woe.
 Louise was poor: in death, our common lot,
 The rich have honours which the poor have not.
 A simple cross of wood, a faded pall,
 These were her funeral honours, this was all;
 And when the sexton from the cottage room
 Conveyed her light young body to the tomb,
 A bell tolled faintly, as if loath to say

So sweet a maiden had been called away.
'Twas thus she died— and thus, by hill and dale,
'Mid broom whose fragrance floated on the gale,
And past green cornfields, at the dawn of day,
The scant procession humbly took its way.
April had lately burst upon the earth
In all the glory that attends her birth,
And tenderly upon the passing bier
She snuffed her blossoms and she dropped her tear.
Flowers, pink and white, arrayed the hawthorn now,
While starry buds were trembling on each bough,
Sweet scents and harmonies the air caressed
And every bird was warbling in its nest.

THE KEEPER'S SON.

(From the French of André Theuriet.)

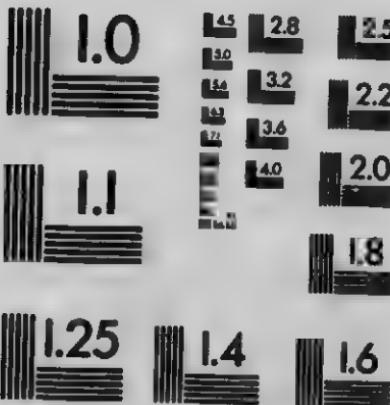
Black is the night and as though in fight
Their arms the trees of the forest wave,
And not a sound can be heard around,
But rain that rushes and winds that rave.

The doors are shut in yon woodland hut:
An aged sire and his fearless sons,
Three poachers keen, with a bloodhound lean
Crouch in the thicket and load their guns.

Within the gloom of that hut's low room
An infant sleeps by the grandam's bed,
While a maiden fair near the slumbering pair
Sits at a spindle with drooping head.



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A flickering lamp through the midnight damp
Illumes her cheek with a feeble light,
Aiding to trace a sweet flower-like face
And curls that stray o'er a neck snow-white.

Fair is her form, but her bosom warm
Fitfully heaves like the ocean's breast:
Is it fright or care, or the stifling air,
Or waiting, that causes her wild unrest?

The hinges weak of the frail door creak
And a rainy squall from the outer gloom
Driveth a boy, the fair maiden's joy,
Into the shadowy silent room.

Clasped in her arms, he rebukes alarms,
And cries: "Sweet Alice, what need of fright?"
She pleadeth, "Oh! speak soft and low:
My grandam's slumber is ever light!"

Their hearts beat high with ecstasy
And the maiden wipes, while she softly speaks,
The raindrops cold that like tears have rolled
Down her boy-lover's white brow and cheeks.

"My love is wild for thee, sweet child!"
He cried. She murmurs, "Eve, morn and noon
For thee I sigh; but, my darling, why
Wast thou the son of the Keeper born?

For, higher far than our forests are,
A barrier rises to part us twain:
And I dread his ire should my jealous sire
Learn that I love and am loved again."

He soothed her fears and he kissed the tears
That overflowed from her soft brown eyes;
But while deep joy thrilleth maid and boy
Day swiftly follows the night that flies.

Far off they hear shrill chanticleer—
“Bird, if I owned thee, thou soon hadst died,”
The lover speaks, while the morning breaks,
And the maiden opens the casement wide.

The storm is o'er and the blythe larks soar
Aloft like specks in the clear blue sky:
One more sweet kiss full of passion's bliss,
Now till eve cometh again, “Good-bye.”

Swift as a deer, with no sense of fear,
The youthful lover then lightly broke
Through the moorland's maze, over which thick haze
Swam like a quivering wreath of smoke.

But the poachers bold, wet, famished, cold,
With empty game-bags behind their backs,
Were homeward beating a slow retreat—
Fur and feather alike each lacks.

A light branch stirred and their quick ears heard;
“Shoot!” the same instant exclaimed the sire:
Three shots ring out and three voices shout:
“The game has fallen before our fire.”

Deep bayed the hound with a doleful sound,
The sire pressed onward, then shrank aghast—
'Mid the brushwood dyed with a crimson tide
The son of the Keeper had breathed his last!

IPHIGENIA AT AULIS.

(EURIPIDES.)

Had I the voice of Orpheus, O my Sire,
 And could I charm the stones to follow ^{me},
 Beguiling hearers sweetly to my will,
 Words I would use—but now my only spell
 Lies in my tears, for tears are all I have!
 I hold no suppliant bough, but touch thy knees
 With this frail body which she bore for thee:
 I pray thee, slay me not before my time,
 For sweet it is to look upon the light,
 But thou wouldest thrust me down to nether gloom.
 I was the first to call thee Father: thou
 Didst call me first thy child, and I did cling
 First to thy knees and shower upon thy lips
 Sweet, loving kisses which thy lips returned.
 And thou wouldest say, "My darling, shall I live
 To see thee blooming in some chieftain's halls
 A joyous bride, an honour to thy sire?"
 And I would answer, toying with thy beard,
 Which now my hand doth fondly still caress:—
 "My Father, shall it be, when thou art old
 That I shall cherish thee within my home,
 Repaying thus the nurture of my youth?"
 I do remember me of all these words,
 But thou forgetting them, dost seek my death.
 Spare me I pray, by Pelops, by thy sire,
 And by my mother too, who at my birth
 Felt pangs less keen than those my death will cause.

"The speech of Iphigenia is remarkable for its pathos; and we seem to feel now at least that we are certainly reading the very words of Euripides, free from any interpolations."—Paley's *Euripides*, vol. III., p. 443.

What part or lot have I in Helen's loves,
Or why should Paris ruin also me ?
Look on me, Father! grant one look, one kiss,
That if I fail to move thee by my words,
I may in death, at least remember these.
My brother! weak I fear me, is thine aid—
Still, weep with me, with me beseech our sire
To spare thy sister—there may be a sense
Of sorrow even in an infant's mind.
Behold, how silently he prays to thee,
My Father. Pity me and spare my life.
Two beings dear to thee are at thy feet,
He, still a nursling—I, a maiden grown.
One last brief plea I urge—'tis very sweet
To live and look upon the light; but death
Is darkness—they are mad who pray to die.
Life is more precious than the noblest death!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Once on a time, it matters little when—
On English ground, it matters little where—
A fight was fought upon a summer day
When skies were blue and waving grass was green.
The wild flower, fashioned by the Almighty Hand
To be a perfumed goblet for the dew,
Felt its enamelled cup filled high with blood
And shrinking from the horror, drooped and died.

These lines are printed as a Curiosity of Literature. The reader will find that by the mere addition or omission of a few words, Charles Dickens' graphic description of the scene where once a great battle had been fought is here turned into unrhymed metre.

Many an insect that derives its hue
From harmless leaves and tender-bladed herbs
Was stained anew that day by dying men
And marked its wanderings with unnatural track.
The painted butterfly that soared from earth
Bore blood upon the edges of its wings.
The stream ran red. The trampled soil became
A quagmire whence from sullen pools that formed
In prints of human feet and horses' hoofs—
The one prevailing hue of stagnant blood
Still lowered and glimmered at the cloudless sun.
The lonely moon upon the battle-ground
Shone brightly oft, while stars kept mournful watch,
And winds from every quarter of the earth
Blew o'er it, ere the traces of the fight
Were worn away. They lurked and lingered long
In trivial signs surviving. Nature far
Above the evil passions of mankind,
Her old serenity recovered soon
And smiled upon the guilty battle ground
As she had done when it was innocent.
The lark sang high above it; swallows skimmed
And dipped and flitted gaily to and fro.
The shadows of the flying clouds pursued
Each other swiftly over grass and corn
And field and woodland, over roof and spire
Of peaceful towns embosomed among trees,
Into the glowing distance, far away
Upon the borders of the earth and sky
Where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown
And reaped and harvested; the restless stream
That once was red with carnage, turned a mill;

Men whistled at the plough, or tossed the hay,
And bands of gleaners gathered up the grain.
In sunny pastures sheep and oxen browsed;
Boys whooped and called to scare the pilfering birds;
Smoke rose from cottage chimneys; Sabbath bells
Rang with sweet chimes; old people lived and died;
The timid creatures of the field and grove,
The simple blossoms of the garden-plot,
Grew up and perished in their destined terms—
And all amid the blood-steeped battle-ground
Where thousands upon thousands had been slain.
But there were deep green patches in the corn,
That peasants gazed upon at first with awe.
Year after year those patches reappeared
And children knew that men and horses lay
In mouldering heaps beneath each fertile spot.
The village hind who ploughed that teeming soil
Shrank from the large worms that abounded there;
The bounteous sheaves it never failed to yield
Were called the "Battle Sheaves" and set apart:
And no one knew a "Battle Sheaf" to be
Borne in the last load at a Harvest Home.
For many a year each furrow that was turned
Revealed some crumbling record of the fight,
And by the roadside there were wounded trees
And scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall
Where deadly struggles erst had taken place,
And trampled spots, where not a blade would grow.
For many a year, no smiling village girl
Would dress her bosom or adorn her hair
With fragrant blossoms from that Field of Death:
And, when the seasons oft had come and gone,

The crimson berries growing there were thought
To leave too deep a stain upon the hands
Of those that plucked them.

THE MADONNA'S ISLE.

Embosomed on the deep there lay
A green Elysian isle,
With curving shore and crystal bay
Whose waters glowed awhile,
Crimson and golden, as the day
Sent down a parting smile.

It seemed to sleep, a holy spot
Amid the sleepless sea,
Where guilt and grief might be forgot,
And man from passion free
Might cease the sole, black, sullyng blot
On God's fair earth to be.

There, like some phantom that we meet
In visions of the night,
The tenant of that calm retreat,
Arrayed in stainless white,
Strayed, lost in meditation sweet,
A virgin pure and bright:

Bright as the dreams of childhood's sleep
Which waft the soul to Heaven,
Pure as the tears that angels weep
When man with God hath striven
And sinned dread sins, perchance too deep,
Too dark to be forgiven!

She knelt immaculately fair,
With love-illumined face,
And like some lute the voice of prayer
Breathed spells around the place,
Up floating through the summer air
To reach the throne of grace.

But hark! hoarse shouts her prayer arrest,
Her piteous face is pale!
For lo! to that green Eden-nest
A boat with sun-lit sail
Airily skims o'er ocean's breast,
Like sea-bird in the gale.

Its crew are rovers bold and free,
Men stained with human gore,
And when they marked with savage glee
The Presence on the shore,
They bounded madly o'er the sea
With lengthened sweep of oar.

Rude threats they mutter as they row
Against that Hallowed One;
They scoff and jeer, they do not know
The Mother of God's Son.
Heaven shield their helpless prey, for oh!
Compassion they have none.

With eyes upraised, that maiden mild
In speechless woe implored
Quick succour from a sinless Child,
Her offspring, but her Lord:
It came—and shrieks of terror wild
Burst from the pirate horde!

Fiercely, Euroclydon awoke
And lashed each angry wave,
Far-echoing peals of thunder spoke
In tones that shook the brave,
While shadowy depths asunder broke
In many a yawning grave.

Men struggled with unearthly might
And gasped with gurgling breath,
And when the lightning in its flight
Glared on the wreck beneath,
Just God! it was a ghastly sight
To see their ghastly death!

The gentle moon hath charms to still
The murmurs of the main,
As mothers at their own sweet will
Can soothe an infant's pain;
That night she hushed them not until
That ruthless band was slain:

And when the billows' vengeful might
Had swept those sinners o'er,
Oh! calmly then her cloudless light
The gentle moon did pour
Upon the Virgin clothed in white
Still kneeling on the shore!

A WILD FLOWER.

(From the *Recueil de poésie* of Gustave Lemoine.)

A gleaner brown, a rustic flower,
Loved a rich peasant's only son;
But she could bring no other dower
Than the fond heart that he had won.
She wept. The father said at last:
"Go, reap yon barley field of mine—
If, when three days from now have passed
The task is done, my boy is thine."

Come, listen to my mournful strain,
A simple story, sweet and sad,
This tale of one who loved in vain
Was told me by a harvest lad.

The father spoke, the listening maid
With joy and love nigh swooned away:
Forthwith she seized a reaper's blade
And deftly plied it, night and day.
When, faint and wearied, in despair,
She felt her yearning strength depart—
She drew fresh courage from her prayer,
And prayer was prompted by her heart.

Come, listen to my mournful strain,
A simple story, sweet and sad,
This tale of one who loved in vain
Was told me by a harvest lad.

A daisy in her path delays
The tender glances of her eye;
"Price of my happiness," she says,

"Poor harmless blossom, thou must die!"
 But while it perished in its youth,
 It looked so pitifully mild,
 That the fond maiden wept for ruth—
 She, too, was but a blossom wild.

Come, listen to my mournful strain,
 A simple story, sweet and sad,
 This tale of one who loved in vain
 Was told me by a harvest lad.

The third day passed, with twilight shade
 The rich man to his barley came;
 Breathless and pale, there stood the maid,
 Her eyes triumphantly afame!
 "I did but jest, my girl," he cried,
 "Ten crowns thy toil will amply pay."
 Alas! one more frail blossom died,
 Cut to the heart, ere close of day!

Such is the story, sad and sweet,
 I heard amid the golden grain:
 The maidens sing it when they meet,
 And mingle weeping with the strain.

A WOMAN'S DREAM.

(From the French of Madame Desbordes-Valmore.)

"Wilt thou begin thy life once more,
 Woman, whose hair will soon be white?
 Would'st thou thy childhood, as of yore
 Flushed by its guardian angel's light?

Rocked in a cradle to repose,
Wilt thou thy mother's kisses greet?"
"Yes! my lost Eden's gates unclose!
Ah yes, my God! It was so sweet!"

"Trained by thy father's tender care,
Wilt thou love purity and truth,
Diffusing round thee everywhere
The fragrant innocence of youth?
Wilt thou to life's enchanting prime
Fly back with joy on pinion fleet?"
"Would it might last a longer time!
Ah yes, my God! It was so sweet!"

"Wilt thou thine ignorance resume,
And spell life's alphabet anew?
When hopes, like stars, thy path illume,
Canst thou forget the storms that blew?
Wouldst thou have back thy blossoms gay
The doves that fluttered to t' , call?"
"All but the gravestones by the way—
O gracious God! restore them all!"

"Have then whate'er thy heart may crave—
Thy doves, thy blossoms, and thy song—
Time's stream with melancholy wave
Will reach the Vale of Tears ere long!
Love thou hast felt—to Love return—
Too frail its madness to defy."
"Must I again with passion burn?
Nay! pitying Saviour! let me die."

REMEMBRANCE.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

O sacred ground, in wandering back to thee
 I thought to suffer though I hoped to weep;
 Thou dearest grave unhonoured save by me,
 Where hallowed memories sleep.

What find ye in this solitude to dread,
 My friends? Why draw me by the hand away?
 When habit grown so old and sweet, hath led
 My footsteps here to stray.

I see the uplands and the blooming heath,
 The silvery pathway b'er the noiseless sand,
 The walks still redolent of lovers' breath,
 Where hand was clasped in hand.

The mountain gorge's careless tracks I mark,
 Familiar murmurs once again I hear
 From ancient pine trees, crowned with verdure dark,
 That soothed my boyhood's ear.

Here is the greenwood where my youth once more
 Sings like a choir of birds upon a tree;
 Fair moorland where my mistress strayed of yore
 Didst thou not look for me?

"It was in the beginning of this period of silence that he wrote one of the most beautiful of his poems *Le Souvenir*. He had visited the forest of Fontainebleau in the month of September, 1840, and a few months later he put into verse the reminiscences which were recalled by the scene of his old love for George Sand. The whole poem is most touching. But after it was published, he was filled with regret that he had given it to the world." — *North American Review*, September, 1878.

Nay let them flow, these welcome, blissful tears,
That from a heart still bleeding take their rise,
And let the mist that veils long-buried years
Refresh my aching eyes.

These woods are witness that I once was blest,
Through them no echoes of a dirge shall roll;
Proud is this forest in its peaceful rest
And proud too is my soul.

With bitter cries let some bereaved one rave,
Who kneels despairing by a comrade's tomb,
Here all breathes life—the flowerets of the grave
Here cannot bud or bloom.

Behold! the moon is rising o'er the glade:
Thy glance still trembles, lovely queen of night!
But soon, dispelling the horizon's shade,
Thine orb shall glow with light.

As all the perfumes of the vanished day
Rise from the earth still moistened with the dew,
So from my chastened soul beneath thy ray
Old love is born anew.

Where are the sorrows gone that made me pale
And left me prematurely old with pain?
I grow, while gazing on this friendly vale,
A joyous child again.

Oh! tender might of Time—oh! fleeting hours,
Ye stanch each tear and stifle each regret,
And, in your pity, on our faded flowers
Your feet are never set.

I bless thee Time, kind angel of relief;
I had not thought love's wound could e'er conceal
Anguish so keen, or that a victim's grief
Could be so sweet to feel.

Far be from me each time-worn thought and phrase.
That oft in heartless epitaphs are read,
Wherewith the man who never loved, displays
His feelings for the dead.

Dante, thou saidst that in the hour of woe
Remembered happiness is sorrow's curse;
What grief was thine that thus could overflow
In that embittered verse ?

Must we forget that ever in the skies,
E'en when our night is darkest, light appears ?
Didst thou spurn sorrow, thou, whose mournful eyes
Poured forth immortal tears ?

No! by yon moon whose beams illume my glance,
That vaunted blasphemy was not thy creed;
Remembered happiness on earth perchance
May happiness exceed.

Heaven on my head its lightnings now may fling,
This memory cannot from my heart be torn;
To this, though wrecked by tempests, I will cling
Like mariner forlorn.

And oft I murmur: "At this time and place
I loved one day and I was loved again;
Time has no power the picture to efface,
While life and thought remain."

PERHAPS.

(From the French of Gustave Nadaud)

To horse! To horse ! I mount with speed,
For we must travel far, my steed,

To find repose:

Thy master's brain is crazed with care
And we must gallop apace, but where ?
Who knows ?

Oh! how that golden-haired coquette
Dreamed she had caught me in the net
Of her disdain!
The Siren is so fair, so cold,
That the same kingdom cannot hold
Us twain.

Around her castle-walls each day
My steed and I with spirits gay
Were wont to roam:
Yon path familiar grown to each
We now must shun or we should reach
Her home.

Those faithless gods to which I bowed,
Her charms that lured me made her proud;
Her hair, her eyes
Blue as the cloudless heaven above,
Her lips, that seemed to breathe of love
In sighs.

At length my heart hath burst its chain,
And as my freedom I regain
I curse her pride,

And to my lips, that day by day
Murmured "I love thee," now I say,
"Ye lied."

Shame on the heartless wayward elf
Who will not tenderly herself
 My passion share,
But jealously refuses still
To let me wander at my will
 Elsewhere!

On, on, my steed! 'tis just the hour
That, in the gloaming, to her bower
 Her slave would bring:
Now from the hateful spot I fly,
And with no tear-drop in my eye,
 I sing.

But what is here? The velvet lawn,
Her home, amid the shade withdrawn—
 It must be so—
O thoughtless man! O heedless brute!
That failed to recognize which route
 To go!

Turn back! but no—stand still! for she
Is smiling at the casement. See!
 Her finger taps.

'Twere churlish not to say "Good-bye;"
When daylight dawns, my steed and I
Afar from Circe's bower will fly,—
 Perhaps.

IF, DARLING, WITH MELODIOUS LAY.

(From the French of Victor Wilder.)

If, darling, with melodious lay
In woodlands depths thou wert a bird,
I fain would be the slender spray
That thrills where'er thy voice is heard.
Or if thou wert a crimson flower
That bares its heart to heav'n above,
Then, like a golden bee each hour
I'd sip the honey of thy love.

Wert thou, my love, a stately swan
That floats upon some glassy lake,
I'd be the waveless mere whereon
No breeze thy cradled calm should break.
Wert thou a lone star, when clouds are dark,
A sentry o'er the world asleep,
I then would be a poor frail bark
For thee to pilot o'er the deep.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

(From the French of Victorien Sardou.)

A secret I wish to disclose,
A mystery's heart to lay bare:
We take for example a Rose
And a Lily with virginal air.
The Lily said: "Exquisite Rose!
If I dared,—but I fear to propose,"
Then the Rose murmured, "Pray do not fear;
One must dare, a little, my dear!"

And this is the way that the Rose
 And the Lily their feelings disclose:
 The Lily and Rose in this way
 A subtle discretion display.

The Lily then said,—I suppose
 Her speech is abridged by design,—
 “I would love, O most exquisite Rose,
 To mingle my perfume with thine!”
 The Rose answered, “Nobody knows
 Good reason your wish to oppose;
 But if such a wish is sincere,
 Come closer, a little, my dear!”
 Thus matters soon came to a close
 Between the coy Lily and Rose;
 The Rose and the Lily this way
 Unite to form a bouquet.

LE MUGUET ET LA ROSE.

(Par Victorien Sardou.)

Je vais vous débrouiller la chose,
 Et dévoiler ce grand secret.
 Voici, par exemple, une rose;
 Une rose et un muguet.
 Le muguet dit: “O belle rose,
 Si j’osais parler, mais je n’ose!”
 La rose dit tout bas: “Mon Dieu!
 Il faut pourtant oser un peu!”
 Voilà la façon dont on cause
 Entre le muguet et la rose,
 Et dont on joue au plus discret
 Entre la rose et le muguet.

Le muguet poursuit, je suppose,
 Pour abréger les entretiens;
 "Que j'aimerais, charmante rose,
 A mêler mes parfums aux tiens!"
 La rose dit: "C'est une chose
 A laquelle rien ne s'oppose!
 Mais, pour satisfaire à ce vœu,
 Il faut vous rapprocher un peu!"
 Et voilà comment toute chose,
 Entre le muguet et la rose,
 Finit par un joli bouquet
 Fait de la rose et du muguet.

SONNET.

(From the French of Félix Arvers.)

There is a secret shrined within my soul,
 A deathless love, in one brief moment born,
 A hopeless passion that I must control
 And hide from her to whom its vows are sworn.
 Yes! I must pass unnoticed by her eye,
 Close by her side, consumed by lonely thought,
 And shrouding still my secret I shall die,
 By naught rewarded having sued for naught.
 But she—though God has dower'd her with a sweet
 And tender nature—knows not that her feet
 Lure me to follow her where'er they stray:
 Too pure to dream her love can be desired—
 Were she to read these lines she has inspired,
 "Who is this lady?" she would calmly say!

A WEEK IN A BOY'S LIFE.

(From the Provençal of Jasmin.)

I.

Chill was our sky: the swallows all had fled,
A feeble glimmer by the sun was shed,
The silent fields were lying bleak and bare,
When All Saints' Day drew nigh:
And from each palsied bough on high
The yellow leaves condemned to die
Dropped, eddying slowly through the air.

II.

One evening from our peaceful town,
While countless stars were gazing down,
A brother and a sister strayed
In melancholy mood,
And when before a Cross they stood
They innocently prayed.
Bathed in the moonlight's purity
Abel and Rose long bent the knee;
Then like some organ in a fane
The mournful voices of the twain
Poured forth two prayers that blent in one
And soared to Heaven in unison:
"Mother of Christ! benignant Maid!
Father at home lies sick with pain:

This poem by Jacques Jasmin, the barber-poet of Agen on the Garonne, has never before, I believe, been translated, probably on account of its homely simplicity which in passages may seem too prosaic for the public taste. Long-fellow, in his translation of "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille" had to fight against the same difficulty.

Oh! send thine angel to his aid,
So shall our mother smile again
And we thy children, will adore
And love thee, sweetest Virgin, more and more."
The Virgin could not slight the prayer:
Scarce had they reached their home,
When from a door that opened there,
A woman, youthful still and fair,
With joy beheld them come:
"Poor darlings! Death hath turned aside—
The fever is subdued—
And since your fat' er hath not died,
Show God, dear lambs! your gratitude."
So kneeling on the bare, rude planks
Of a poor garret they gave thanks,
Beside a bed, with serge o'erspread,
Whereon with cool and painless brow,
Hilaire, the honest father lay—
A soldier in his youthful day,
A humble mason now."

III.

The morrow dawned with smiling gleam,
The sunlight once again
Was soon illumining with its beam
Each patched-up window pane,
When Abel came with noiseless tread,
Stole forward to his father's bed
And oped the curtain by his head.
He newly waked beheld his son with joy
And cried: "I looked for thee—remain, my boy.
Our home is poor: my toil procures us food:

God for your sakes has spared me. God is good.
For thou art young, not fifteen quite,
Thou knowest how to read and write,
But thou art coy and grave and prone to dream:
Still life has work for everyone I deem.
I know that thou art delicate and frail,
Less strong than comely; and thine arms would fail
To smite the stone with sinews hale:
But our Collector wise and kind,
Notes that thy manners are refined,
And to befriend thee seems inclined.
Go then and do his bidding; but no sloth
And no conceit, my boy, leave that to fools,
Writer and artisan are workmen, both—
Pens, hammers are their tools.
Mind like the body, wears our life away—
Enough, dear child! I trust that thou,
Dressed in black cloth, wilt ne'er allow
False pride to scorn thy father's mean array."
Abel's blue eyes were lifted up with joy—
Fond kisses passed between the man and boy,
Mother and sister also had their share:
Next morn the stripling to his patron went
And for four days that followed, their content
Was boundless as the air.

IV.

Alas! the pleasures of the poor are brief!
The Sabbath morning brought a mandate stern:
"Hilaire to-morrow must to work return.
If he be absent, in that case
Another hand will take his place.

A WEEK IN A BOY'S LIFE

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By order of the Chief."
The volley from a cannon fired
No deeper anguish doles
Than by this message was inspired
Within four wretched souls.
"I'm cured," the father cries,
And struggles hard to rise
But falls back feebly—if he works, he dies!
A week of rest is wanted: ah! poor friend!
Thy life and death upon thy toil depend.
All four were mute—through Abel's heart
A thought like lightning seemed to dart.
It dried the tears within his eyes
And lent the boy a nobler mien:
Strength in each muscle seemed to rise,
While blushes on his cheek were seen.
Then forth he fared, and quickly went
To the rough foreman's tenement.
Soon he returned: his heart no more
By sore distress was wrung.
Ne'er had he looked so gay before,
Smiles in his eyes and honey on his tongue.
"Rest, father rest! Thou hast a week of grace.
Rest from thy toil—thy wonted vigour gain—
A friend that loves thee will supply the place
Which thou may'st still retain."

V.

Saved by a friend! So, friends still love and feel!
Would this were certain in our world of woes:
To-morrow's light the secret will reveal;
Good sons exist—but friends? alas! who knows?

'Tis Monday morn: our Abel drudges hard—
Not at the desk but in the builder's yard.
His sire was wrong: for though he seems to be
So frail, his work is as the work of three:
 Deftly he crumbles up the lime
 And kneads the mortar for each wall,
 Light as a bird, he loves to climb,
Till the pale workmen tremble for his fall.
He walks a dizzy platform with the best,
 Smiles as he mounts and smiles when he alights:
 Here, there and everywhere no task he slight,
 But toils to save his father—and is blest.
 And thus his honest comrades there,
 Who guessed the secret of the boy,
 Watched while the sweat uncurled his sunny hair
 And clapped their hands with tearful joy.

VI.

What bliss for Abel when at close of day
The workmen homeward press:
He quickly doffs his spattered red dress
And dons his black array
Then, three fond traitors all conspire
To cheat the unsuspecting sire,
Who hails his son's arrival from the desk:
Abe prates of bills and contracts, in burlesque,
 And with an artful wink replies
Whene'er his conscious mother winks her eyes!
So passed three days: the patient quits his bed:
 Life seems more sweet—an unfamiliar boon—
Thursday, his malady has fled:
 Friday, he gaily quits the house at noon.

But Friday! God created thee for woe!
Cheered by the sunshine's welcome heat,
Hilaire speeds onward, vexed at seeming slow:
He yearns his friend and substitute to greet—
He longs his name to know.

VII.

And now, the house is nigh: but no one stands on high,
And yet the bell for dinner has not rung:
Great Heaven! what crowds are at the building's base—
Foreman, mechanics, neighbours, old and young.
But why? A man has fall'n: Oh! piteous case!
His friend, perchance: his soul is on the rack.
He runs—the workmen shudder at the sight
And strive to keep him back.
He elbows through, with frenzied might:
Oh! helpless sire—oh! horror wild—
The friend that saved him is his darling child!
He finds him toppled from a scaffold's height,
Stretched, almost dead, upon the bloody ground.
And while the father shrieks for fright,
To aid his son all sadly cluster round.
Alas! the boy who dies,
Past aiding, only sighs:
"Master! I could not—quite—work out my week—
One day is lost—but in poor mother's name
Thy pity for my father I bespeak."
Men wept to hear the fond pathetic claim.
At length the sufferer turns his eyes
Upon his father, bends his face
Towards him for a moment's space,
Petitioning a last embrace;
Fondles his hand and smiling softly, dies!

VIII.

They kept his place for lone Hilaire—
They proffered goodly pay,
Alas! too late! his only care
Was soon to pass away.
No gold his sorrow could efface—
No skill his life could save—
He went, to take another place,
Beside his darling's grave.

A FANTASY.

(From the French of Gérard de Nerval.)

There is an air that haunts me till I slight
The witching strains of Weber and Mozart;
An air that floods with languorous delight
The secret chambers of my lonely heart.

Each time I listen to that music old
I seem to live two hundred years ago,
'Tis Louis Treize who reigns, and I behold
Green uplands golden in the sunset's glow.

Then, a tall palace, grey with granite towers
And countless window-panes that redly glare,
Girt by broad parks through which 'mid bloom of
flowers
A glassy river wanders here and there.

And then, a lady opes a casement high—
Pale, with dark eyes, in antique robes arrayed,
One whom I loved in centuries gone by—
Whose image never from my soul can fade!

FORGET ME NOT

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FORGET ME NOT.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Remember me, when Morn with trembling light
 Opes her enchanted palace to the Sun;

Remember me, when silver-mantled Night

 In silence passes like a pensive nun.

Whene'er with ecstasy thy bosom heaves,
Or dreams beguile thee in the summer eves,

 Then from the woodland lone

 Hear a low-whispered tone,

 Forget me not!

Remember me, when unrelenting Fate

 Hath forced us two for evermore to part,

When years of exile leave me desolate,

 And sorrow blights this fond despairing heart;

Think of my hapless love, my last farewell:

Absence and time true passion cannot quell,

 And while the heart still beats,

 Each throb for thee repeats,

 Forget me not!

Remember me, when 'neath the chilly tomb

 My weary heart is wrapt in slumber deep;

Remember me, when pale blue flowerets bloom

 O'er the green turf that shrouds my dreamless sleep.

I shall not see thee, but from realms above

My soul shall watch thee with a sister's love,

 And oft when none are nigh,

 A voice at night shall sigh,

 Forget me not!

JACQUES.

In Paris at the dawn of light,
 To work two masons hied;
 And mounting to a scaffold's height,
 Their labour briskly plied.

Soon their frail foothold in the air
 Cracked, threatening to give way;
 Too weak the weight of two to bear—
 For one a trembling stay.

"Jacques," cried his mate, "I have a wife
 And children three alive."
 "Farewell!" said Jacques, and gave his life
 A sacrifice for five.

O hero! known as "Jacques" to Fame,
 That deed's unselfish love
 In full, we trust, shall cause thy name
 To be inscribed Above!

THE MAIDEN OF OTAHEITE.

(Suggested by a poem of Victor Hugo.)

"And wilt thou fly me? Must thy fickle sail
 Soon waft thee hence before the favouring gale?
 From my quick senses I would fain conceal
 The nameless trifles which the truth reveal;
 My jealous eyes confirm my boding heart—
 I cannot doubt that thou wilt soon depart!

This very eve while roaming o'er the wet
And shell-strewn beach, where we so oft have met,
(Thou dost remember well the Giant Cave
There we would sit and hear old Ocean rave)
I saw thy ship, at anchor in the bay,
Clean, bright and trim, as for some holiday;
I watched thy sailors folding many a tent,
I heard their shouts with songs and laughter blent,
I guessed the cause of all their glee and crept
Within our cave, where bitterly I wept!

Why quit our isle? Around thine island home
Doth Ocean more magnificently foam?
Are the blue skies more exquisitely clear,
Is there less sorrow in thy clime than here?
Are the flowers fairer, or the trees more grand,
Do brighter shells and pebbles deck the strand,
Or if by sickness thou shouldst stricken be,
Will far-off friends more fondly wait on thee?
Hast thou forgotten when the zephyr bore
Thy weary vessel to our welcome shore?
I gazed upon thee as upon some star
And thou didst call me to the woods afar;
'Twas the first time I saw thy smiling eyes,
And yet I came obedient to thy cries.
Then I was beautiful—but beauty's flower
Fades, droops and withers in one stormy hour,
And so with me—salt bitter tears, in truth,
Have marred my comeliness, O stranger youth!
But if thou stayest, I will bloom again,
As flowers revive in sunshine after rain.

Stay then, sweet stranger—bid me not farewell—
Tales of thy tender mother thou shalt tell,
And sing the ballads of thy native land
That thou hast taught me half to understand.
To thee I yield myself—to thee who art
My being's breath, the life-blood of my heart—
Who fillest all my days—whose form of light
Haunts my rapt soul in visions of the night—
Whose very life is so involved with mine
That my last hour must be the same as thine!

Alas! Thou goest; on thy natal hills
Perchance some virgin for thy coming thrills;
'Tis well: still deign, O master, deign to take
Thy slave along with thee; for thy dear sake
E'en to thy bride I will submissive prove,
If thy delight be centred in her love.
Far from my birthplace and my parents old,
Whose fond affection never can be told;
Far from the woods where scared by no alarms,
When thou didst call, I sank into thy arms;
Far from my flowers and palm-trees I may sigh,
But here, by thee deserted, I shall die!
If ever thou didst love me in the past,
Hear now my prayer—it is the first and last—
Frown not upon me—thou wast wont to smile—
Fly not without me to thy cherished isle,
Lest my sad ghost, when death hath stilled my heart,
Should hover round thee, wheresoe'er thou art!"

Day dawned and reddened the receding sails
Of a great ship, far distant out at sea.
Her playmates sought the maiden in her tent,

But never more beneath the forest boughs,
Or on the shore of ocean was she seen.
The gentle girl no longer wept—but still
She was not with the stranger, out at sea!

UNE FEMME.

(*Translated from the German of Heine by Gérard de Nerval.*)

Ils s'aimaient tous deux tendrement; elle était volueuse, et lui filou. Lorsqu'il commettait quelque coup de main, elle se jetait sur le lit, et riait.

Le jour se passait en joies et en bombances, la nuit elle reposait sur sa poitrine. Lorsqu'on le mena en prison, elle se mit à la fenêtre, et riait.

Il lui écrit: "Oh! reviens à moi, je soupire après ta présence, je t'appelle du fond du cœur et je languis." Lorsqu'elle reçut la lettre, elle secoua la tête, et riait.

Vers six heures du matin il fut pendu, à sept heures on le jeta dans la fosse; mais elle, une heure après, buvait du vin rouge, et riait.

A WOMAN.

(*Translated from the French of Gérard de Nerval.*)

They loved each other, in joy or grief:
He was a sharper, and she, a thief.
At each new tale of her lover's craft
She fell on her pillow and gaily laughed.

All day, they revelled with mirth and jest;
 All night, she slumbered upon his breast.
 They dragged him to jail—like a creature daft
 She stood at the window and gaily laughed.

He wrote her a letter: "Oh ! come to me:
 I sigh for thy presence; I pine for thee."
 She read each word of the ill-scrawled draft—
 Then shook her head and still gaily laughed.

At six, he was hanged in the sight of Heaven—
 His body was flung in a ditch, at seven—
 And at eight in the morning, his mistress quaffed
 A bumper of wine and still gaily laughed.

DELIVERED.

(From the Swedish of A. A. Grafstrom.)

The night was chilly—home Gunnar sped
 With bark from the pine-trees torn:
 Fain would he mix it with flour for bread,
 But flour there is none in his lowly shed,
 In his barn not a grain of corn.

Two pale thin children, with looks of woe,
 To welcome their father run:
 " Some bread, dear Father, we hunger so.
 A crumb or two in thy love bestow."
 " God pity you—I have none."

DELIVERED

" When Mother was borne on the rude black bier,
And her coffin was downward cast
Into a pit in the churchyard drear,
A loaf you gave us, 'twas wet with a tear,
Say, Father, was that the last?"

" My Children! to-day I can give you nought,
But God will allay your sorrow;
In calm meek trust should His grace be sought,
He will soon send aid of His kind forethought,
Perhaps we will bake to-morrow!"

He snatched his harp from the mossy wall—
What magic is in its strains!
For bread those starved ones no longer call,
And tears from their pale cheeks cease to fall
As the melody soothes their pains.

He turned his face that would else betray
The tokens of anguish deep,
And he played them some music so wildly gay
That the children danced and night wore away,
Till wearied they fell asleep.

Then he prayed by the pallet, whereon the twain
Lay sleeping with tranquil breath:
" Save them, O Friend of the Poor, from pain!"
God listened, they never awoke again,
The Deliverer came—it was Death!

TO NINON.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

If I should dare my passion to reveal,
 What would your answer be, blue eyed brunette?
 You know what pain Love's victims ever feel;
 E'en you your pity cannot all conceal—
 Still, you would doubtless make me feel regret.

Were I to say that silent I have pined
 Six weary months with all a lover's woe,
 Ninon, your careless subtlety of mind
 May, like a witch, my secret have divined,
 And you, perchance would answer me, "I know."

Were I the pleasing madness to confess
 That makes me, shadow-like, your steps pursue
 (A look of sweet inc. edulous distress,
 Ninon, you know enhances loveliness),
 Your lips perchance would murmur, "Is it true?"

Were I to tell you that my tongue can name
 Each airy syllable you spoke last night,
 (Ninon, you know your glances, when they blame,
 Change eyes of azure into eyes of flame),
 Your wrath perchance would drive me from your
 sight.

Were I to tell you that on bended knee
 Each night I pray, despairing all the while,
 (Ninon, you know that when you smile, a bee

" J'ai entendu vanter, et par des femmes de beaucoup d'esprit, une pièce du recueil de M. Alfred de Musset intitulée : *A Ninon*. Cette pièce en effet est un chef-d'œuvre de subtilité sentimentale." —Cuvillier-Fleury, *Etudes Littéraires*.

In your red lips a blossom well might see),
Were I to tell you, you perchance would smile.

But I refrain; in silence seated near
Your beauty by the lamplight, I adore—
I breathe your fragrance and your voice I hear,
But you will find no cause to be severe,
Though all my looks you doubtingly explore.

I dwell within a region of romance—
At eve, your songs are all on earth I heed;
Your hands with harmony my soul entrance,
Or in the joyous whirlwind of the dance
I feel your lithe form tremble like a reed.

When envious night has forced me to depart
And all your charms are ravished from my view,
Quick through my brain a thousand memories dart
And like some miser, I unlock my heart,
A treasured casket filled alone for you.

I love—but coldly I can still reply;
I love—the secret I alone can tell;
Sweet is the secret, dear each stifled sigh,
For I have sworn to love, though hopelessly,
Not without bliss—I see you: it is well.

I was not born for happiness supreme,
With you to live and in your arms to die,
E'en my despair to teach me this would seem;
Still, if I told you of my passion's dream,
Who knows, adored one, what you might reply?

IN FUTURO.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

E'en now, from mountain or from plain,
In France, America or Spain,
A tree is soaring, oak or pine,
Of which some portion shall be mine.

E'en now within her chamber lone
Some wrinkled and decrepit crone
Weaves fair white linen, like a Fate,
To clothe my body soon or late.

E'en now, for me, with sunless toil
Like some blind mole beneath the soil,
A swarthy miner doth explore
Earth's teeming veins for iron ore.

There is some corner of the earth
Where nought but loveliness hath birth,
Where sunbeams drink the tears of morn,
There I shall sleep in days unborn.

That tree which with its foliage now
Doth screen a nest on every bough,
The planks hereafter shall supply
Wherein my coffined bones shall lie.

That linen, which the wrinkled crone
Is weaving in her chamber lone,
Shall form a winding sheet to hold
My lifeless body in its fold.

A DEAD WOMAN

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That iron, burrowed from the soil
By the swart miner's sunless toil,
Transformed to nails, shall tightly close
The chest wherein my limbs repose;

And in that charming spot on earth
Where nought but loveliness hath birth,
A grave shall yawn, beneath whose sod
My heart shall mingle with the clod.

A DEAD WOMAN.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Yes, she was beauteous; if the Night
By Michael's chisel wrought,
A marble monument asleep,
Can beautiful be thought.

And she was good; if goodness be
Devoid of heart and cold;
If Love be shewn by alms alone;
If Charity be gold.

She thought; if words in dulcet tones,
Significant of nought,
Vague as the murmur of a stream,
Deserve the name of thought.

"I know he must have encountered some very harsh, unjust and injurious treatment on the day when he came home resolved to break with this lady for ever. In the mood I have described, he wrote the verses *Sur une Mort*. The rupture was complete and irremediable. In order to judge whether the writer of those verses was to blame, one should understand the wound which he resented: and no one knows how deep that was."—*Paul de Musset's Life of A. de Musset*, p. 238.

She prayed; if prayer it can be called,
 To fix two lustrous eyes
 Now, meekly downward on the earth,
 Now, upward on the skies.

She smiled; if e'er the virgin bud,
 With heart unclosed as yet,
 Smiles to the zephyrs of the spring
 That pass it—and forget.

She might have wept; if dews divine,
 That soften human clay,
 Could ever to her chilly breast
 Have found some secret way.

She might have loved; but scorn and pride
 Kept watch about her heart,
 Like lamps that o'er a coffined form
 Their useless radiance dart.

Now, she who only seemed to live
 But had no life, is dead,
 And from her hands the book has dropped
 In which she never read!

AN EVENING SCENE.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Here all is joy and all is light,
 The spider, with untiring tread,
 Ties to the tulip's turban bright
 His circling maze of silvery thread.

The quivering dragon-fly appears,
Proud to behold her round dark eyes
Glassed in the limpid stream, that bears
A world of breathing mysteries.

The full-blown rose, grown young again,
To blushing buds her love avows;
The birds pour forth their evening strain
Of melody from sunlit boughs.

Far in the woods, where silence dwells,
The timid fawn securely dreams;
'Mid emerald moss with velvet cells,
Like burnished gold the beetle gleams.

Pale as some sweet consumptive maid
Regaining life, the moon doth rise,
Dispelling every cloud or shade
With radiance from her opal eyes.

The wallflower, that to ruin clings,
Now frolics with the wandering bee;
The furrow feels each germ that springs
'Neath the warm earth, and laughs with glee.

All lives and plays its part with grace;
The sunbeam on the portal's sill,
The shadow on the water's face,
The blue sky o'er the verdant hill.

Field, glen and forest share the whole
Of Nature's ecstasy and rest:
Fear nothing, Man! Creation's soul
Knows the whole secret and is blest.

CHRISTMAS.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

The heavens are black, the earth is white;
 Ring out, wild joy-bells, to the skies!
 Jesus is born; the Virgin bright
 Bends o'er Him with enraptured eyes.

Around the mystic infant's head
 No fold of slumberous curtain streams;
 Only the spider's airy thread
 Drops from the stable's dusty beams.

The Baby, nestling in the straw,
 Thrills with the cold in every limb;
 The ox and ass, in seeming awe,
 Kneel down and warmly breathe on Him.

O'er that thatched hovel in the night
 Heaven opens, dazzling as the morn,
 While bands of Angels, clothed in white,
 Sing to the shepherds, "Christ is born."

MEMORIES.

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

Hast thou, Louise, forgotten yet
 That nook within the garden old,
 Where when the summer sun had set
 My hand would oft thy hand enfold?
 With beating hearts we sat beneath
 The shadows of the willow trees,

Few words escaped our trembling breath;
Dost thou remember still, Louise?

Hast thou, Marie, forgotten yet
The fond exchange of rings we made,
The sun-lit meadows where we met,
The woodlands full of song and shade?
A fount, that musically fell
In marble basin, marks the spot
Where oft we lingered; Marie, tell,
Is that sweet trysting-place forgot?

Christine, hast thou forgotten quite
Our fragrant room with roses gay?
'Twas somewhat near the sky, but bright
On April morns and eves of May,
Those calm clear eves, when planets pale
Seem'd whispering to thee, "Earthly Queen,
Like us, thy beauty's light unveil!"
Dost thou remember still, Christine?

Louise is dead! Poor fond Marie
Is worse alas! than dead, they say:
And pale Christine across the sea
To sunnier climes hath sailed away.
Marie, Louise, Christine, all three
Though ne'er forgotten, now forget:
Our loves are dead eternally,
And I alone remember yet!

TIT-FOR-TAT.

(From the French of Dufresnoy.)

Phillis, a venal nymph, delayed
 Poor Damon's hopes of bliss;
 Until the love-sick swain had paid
 Ten sheep to buy a kiss.

Next day, ashamed to cheat the boy,
 She sold her favours cheap;
 And Damon bought, with eager joy,
 Ten kisses for a sheep.

Next morning, of her own accord,
 Afraid his love to miss,
 The sheep to Damon she restored,
 Eleven for a kiss.

At eve, half-wild with jealousy,
 She gladly would have bought
 With all her flock the kiss that he
 Gave Rosalind for nought!

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Once to the Butterfly a Floweret sighed:
 "One moment stay!
 Our fates are severed: here on earth I bide,
 Thou must away."

Still, we both love: and far from human tread
We pass the hours:
Each like the other, for by man 'tis said
We both are flowers.

Earth chains me down—thy path is in the skies—
O cruel lot!
O'er thee I fain would breathe my perfumed sighs:
They reach thee not.

Thou rovest far—'mid blossoms fair and sweet
Thy life is glad:
I watch the shadow turning at my feet,
Alone and sad!

Thy form now quivers near, now flits away,
And disappears:
But thou wilt find me at each dawn of day,
All bathed in tears.

If 'tis thy will our love should lasting be,
O truant King!
Like me, take root: or, let me soar, like thee,
On splendid wing."

L'ENVOI A

"Roses and Butterflies! in death you meet,
Or soon, or late.
Would not your lives together passed be sweet.
Then, wherefore wait?
Somewhere above the earth, if floating up
Thy pinions soar—
Or in the meads, if there perchance thy cup
Its fragrance pour.

What matters where? Be thou a breath alone,
Or tint of spring:
A radiant Butterfly, or Rose half-blown,
A flower or wing.

To live together! This your fondest aim,
Your vital need!
Chance may be left your future home to name,
The sky—the mead."

TO MY OLD COAT.

(From the French of Béranger.)

Wear well, poor coat, that time endears!
Together we are growing old:
My hand has brushed thee ten long years—
Can more of Socrates be told?
If Fate aggressively still tries
Thy patched and threadbare stuff to rend,
Resist—like me, philosophize—
We must not part, my dear old friend!

How fondly I recall the day
When first I wore thee! 'Twas my *féte*
And friends, who hailed my spruce array,
Sang songs thy praise to celebrate.
Thy poor old age of which I boast,
True comrades never can offend,
Oft still myself and thee they toast—
We must not part, my dear old friend!

Have I debased thee with perfume,
That warns when simpering fops are near;
Or, cringing in some anteroom,
Exposed thee to a patron's sneer?
For ribbons that the wise man scorns
All France is eager to contend:
A rose thy buttonhole adorns—
We must not part, my dear old friend!

No longer fear those reckless days,
When kindred destinies were ours,
Days, when we shared the blame and praise,
The joy and sorrow, sun and showers.
My need of tailors I foresee
Is not far distant from an end:
We'll end together—wait for me—
We soon must part, my dear old friend!

A BALLAD.

(From the French of André Van Hasselt.)

"O restless Swallow! thou whose wings
Skim the gray clouds in sportive rings,
Hast thou beheld my own true knight?"
"Fair Dame! he has not blest my sight."

"Gay Lark! that soarest far on high,
A lessening speck amid the sky,
Say, hast thou marked the form I love?"
"My glance hath aye been turned above."

"Thou Wood! beneath whose leafy dome
 Soft murmurs of the summer roam,
 Here did my lover chance to stray?"
 "No foot hath trod my paths to-day."

"Aerial Crag! on whose dim crest
 The eagle strews her careless nest,
 Hath horse or horseman met thine eye?"
 "No cavalier hath ridden by."

"White foaming Torrent! tell me where
 My warrior with the golden hair?
 O'er thy dark waters did he leap?"
 "Down in their depths he lies asleep!"

RONDEAU.

(From the French of Jehan Froissart.)

Come back, sweet friend, too long thou art away,
 My heart is pained while thou dost absent stay;
 I yearn for thee each moment of the day,
 Come back, sweet friend, too long thou art away.

For till thou comest—wherefore then delay?—
 I have not any one to make me gay;
 Come back, sweet friend, too long thou art away,
 My heart is pained when thou dost absent stay.

THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

The G. ave said: "Rose, so bright of hue,
 What dost thou with the drops of dew
 That bathe thy buds each day?"

The Rose replied: "O solemn Grave!
 With all that fills thy hungry cave
 What doest thou, I pray?"

From the sweet tears of morn that roll
 Into my heart, the very soul
 Of fragrance I distill."

The Grave then answered: "All that lies
 Entombed, hereafter shall arise
 God's Paradise to fill."

ULTIMA SPES MORTUORUM

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

I.

The bells will ring to-morrow for the day
 Held sacred to the Dead,
 And those who slumber in their shrouds of clay
 Will quit their narrow bed.

"Yesterday was 'Le Jour des Morts,' and a large trade was done in mourning wreaths and *immortelles* destined to be placed upon the tombs of Montmartre, Montparnasse, and Père-la-Chaise. But of the half a million people who visit the cemeteries, more than half have no better impulse than curiosity. Nor are these funeral visits always made in person; footmen are often despatched in cabs laden with black and yellow garlands, and all these are always carefully deposited on the graves."—Extract from a *Paris* letter.

Then shades invisible to mortal eye,
 Arising from the tomb,
 Will flit beneath the sycamores that sigh
 Amid funereal gloom .

Chilled by the breeze those shivering phantoms stray,
 While Heaven is dark above,
 And still by hope inspirited they say.

“ We wait for those we love:

“ Their warm true hearts our absence still deplore,
 “ And soon in dark array,

“ A pilgrim band, our cherished friends of yore,
 “ Above each cross will pray.

“ And they will offer to our memory true

“ Affection's simple boon:

“ Kind hands *immortelles* on each mound will strew,
 “ That fade alas—so soon! ”

II.

Why from your cerements shake the dust away?

Why come to tremble 'neath our misty skies?

What sound disturbed within your beds of clay

The slumberous calm that weighed upon your eyes?

Shades of the Dead! ye viewless spectres! tell—

Why cross the threshold of the earth again?

What hope ye from this world wherein we dwell,

Since in your grave-clothes still ye hope in vain?

Ye come, your confidence in man to test,

And ye will carry back into your bed

The sad conviction, bitterly confess'd,

That from oblivion nought can save the Dead.

III.

The *De Profundis* pro led its solemn tones,
And the good man of God
Prayed, while the sexton hid your coffined bones
Beneath the hallowed sod;

Parents and sisters, friends and lovers, all
Whom at the final hour
Your dying lips had kissed, were round the pall
Regretful tears to shower;

And all, when blessings with your latest breath
To each in turn were given,
While ye were waiting for the call of Death
To wing your flight to Heaven—

All fondly promised, weeping in despair,
That from each faithful heart,
Your memories, sanctified by daily prayer,
Should never more depart!

Come then, to-day your prison portals ope,
Your resting places leave:
Eternal victims of eternal hope,
Come—wait in vain, till eve!

IV.

The ghosts are flitting restlessly
Beneath the cypress trees:
They list—'tis nothing but the sigh
Of some autumnal breeze:

But still those phantoms list each sound
That breathes the lonely walks around.
Long, but in vain, they wait to hear
The tread of human footstep near,
Then shedding bitter tears of sorrow,
They whisper, "They will come to-morrow."

Lord! Thou well knowest that they will not come,
And tha. those hapless „hosts will oft return
To seek some simple offering at their tomb,
For which they vainly evermore will yearn:

To Thee the cruel irony is known!
Whatever dies is soon Oblivion's prey,
And tears that answered every dying groan
E'en at the grave are calmly wiped away.

Lord! Thou dost know that o'er the world to-day
The love of Self triumphantly doth reign,
That should this curse defer some souls to slay,
Sooner or later they must still be slain.

Lord! Thou well knowest that the human race
Is sick at heart and weary to the death,
Pursuing Hope in everlasting chase,
Until we murmur with our dying breath,—

"At last we greet the silence of repose,
"Blue sky or black—to us it matters not—
"Calmly we slumber, disregarding woes,
"Expecting nought, for all is now forgot."

And yet, oh mockery! the rest we crave
Is still disturbed within our final bed:
Hope, faithless spectre, penetrates the grave
And, by the living spurned, deludes the dead!

THE GRANDMOTHER.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

"Dear Mother of our Mother! dost thou sleep?
Thy voice was wont to murmur many a tone
Of rapt devotion e'en in slumber deep:
Breathless, this eve thou liest here alone,
With lips all motionless, a form of stone.

Why on thy bosom droops thy wrinkled brow?
What have we done to cause that seeming ire?
The lamp burns dim, the ashes glimmer low,
And shouldst thou answer not, the smould'ring fire
The lamp, and we thy two, will all expire!

By the dim lamp thy children soon will die,
And thou, by slumber's spell no more opprest,
Wilt call on those who may not hear thy cry:
And thou long-time wilt fold us to thy breast,
And strive with prayer, to stir us from our rest.

In our warm hands thy chilly fingers place;
Sing lays of Troubadours, dead long ago,
Of warriors, aided by the Fairy race,
Who chanted Love amid the battle's glow,
And decked their brides with trophies from the foe.

Tell us the signs that scatter ghosts in flight—
What hermit viewed Hell's swift-careering Lord—
Tell of the Gnome-king's rubies sparkling bright,
And if the psalms of Turp'n are abhor'r'd
By the black demon, more than Roland's sword.

Show us thy Bible, filled with pictures fair,
Saints robed in white, who guard each hamlet low,
Virgins, with golden glories round their hair—
Or, read the pages, where we long to know
Each mystic word that breathes to God our woe.

Soon from all light thy children will be shut—
Round the black hearth the frolic shadows dance
And airy shapes may steal within the hut:
Thou frightest us—thy love is changed, perchance—
Oh! cease thy prayer, awaken from thy trance!

Unseal those eyes—Oh! God, thine arms are cold!
Oft hast thou told us of the glorious sky,
Of the damp grave, and life that waxeth old,
And oft of death—what is it then to die?
Tell us, dear Mother: thou dost not reply! "

With plaintive voices long they wailed alone—
The sleeper woke not when the morning shone.
The death-bell, slowly tolling, seemed to grieve,
And through the door, a passer-by at eve
By the still couch and pictured Bible sees
Two little children praying on their knees.

THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

WRITTEN ON THE WALLS OF A CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

Thou who dost pace this cloistered hall,
Reflect on death! Thou canst not know
If e'er again thy form shall throw
Its changeful shadow on the wall.

It may be that these very stones
Which thou, regardless of the dead,
To-day with sandall'd foot dost tread,
Shall press to-morrow on thy bones.

Life, like a frail, thin plank, conceals
Eternity's abyss profound:
A gulf yawns suddenly around,
The panic-stricken sinner reels:

The earth recedes on which he trod,
What finds he now? Heaven blue and calm,
Or Hell's red blaze? The victor's palm,
Or torment? Lucifer or God?

Oh! ponder well the thought of dread!
And let thy prescient spirit view
Thyself, as with cadaverous hue,
Thou liest stretched upon a bed,

Betwixt two sheets, whereof the one
Shall form the shroud to wrap thy clay,
Sad raiment all must wear some day,
Albeit coveted by none!

By fever parched or numbed by cold,
Writting like green wood in the fire,
While inarticulate words expire
Upon thy lips—thyself behold!

Thou pantest, like a stag at bay;
Death rattles hoarsely in thy throat,
Foreboding with sepulchral note
The soul's desertion of the clay;

Dark-vestured priests in silence steal
Within thy room, with oil and pyx,
And bearing each a crucifix,
Around thy lowly pallet kneel.

Behold too praying for thy soul
Thy wife and children, loved so well!
The ringer of the passing-bell
Hangs on the rope thy knell to toll.

The sexton hollows with his spade
A narrow bed thy bones to hold,
And soon the fresh brown crumbling mould
Shall fill the pit where thou art laid.

Thy flesh so delicate and fair,
Shall serve the charnel-worms to feed,
And brightly tint each flower and weed
Upon thy grave with verdure rare.

Fit then, thy soul that hour to meet
When thou shalt draw thy latest breath!
My brother! bitter is the death
Of him whose life hath been too sweet!

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

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THE REDBREAST.

(A Legend of Brittany.)

When Jesus meekly passed to death
And bore the cursed rood,
With faltering limbs and failing breath,
And brow bedewed with blood;

A small bird hovering in the air
Flew down and strove, in vain,
With feeble strength, but pious care,
To soothe the Saviour's pain.

The only thorn its love could wrest
From out His ruthless crown,
Pierced sharply through its gentle breast
And crimsoned all the down.

Ages have passed: but since that deed,
The bird with crimson breast—
Oh! sweetly superstitious creed—
Is loved by man the best.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

(From the French of Jean Reboul.)

An angel watched with radiant face
A cradled infant's dream,
Seeming his own bright form to trace
As in some crystal stream.

"Sweet image of myself," he cried,
"Fair cherub come with me;
Far we will journey side by side,
Earth is no home for thee.

Here, bliss is mixed with base alloy
Pain pleasure underlies;
Grief echoes in each tone of joy,
And rapture has its sighs.

Fear at each banquet sits a guest,
Earth's calmest Sabbath fails
To pledge the future, or arrest
To-morrow's raging gales.

Say then, shall gloomy woes and fears
To vex thy soul arise?
Oh! must the bitterness of tears
Bedim thine azure eyes?

No! Through the fields of space with me
Thy soul may soar content:
God claims no more those days from thee,
Thou should'st on earth have spent.

But let no sable robes by pale
And weeping friends be worn;
Death's hour as gladly they should hail,
As that when thou wast born.

Pain for thy loss should leave no scar,
Thy doom should cloud no brow:
The last day is the fairest far
To beings pure as thou."

WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAY

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The seraph spake; and then, with white
Resplendent wings outspread,
To realms eternal took his flight:
Mother—thy son was dead!

WHAT THE SWALLOWS SAY.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

Dry leaves drop silently and cover
The turf no longer fresh and green:
Fair weather now alas! is over,
The breeze at morn and eve is keen.

But ere the Autumn days are ended,
Earth's latest treasures charm the sight;
The dahlia's full cockade is splendid,
The marigold is flaming bright.

In bubbling drops the rain is beating
On every fountain, while on high
The swallows hold a monster meeting
To prate of winter now so nigh.

By hundreds they have flocked together,
Concerting plans to flee the cold:
One says, " 'Tis always charming weather
At Athens, on the rampart old.

There, on the Parthenon I've wintered
For many a year in peaceful rest,
And where a cannon-ball has splintered
A pillar's frieze, I make my nest."

Another cries: "I hang my chamber
Within a Turkish Café's walls,
Where Hadjis count their beads of amber,
And sunshine o'er the threshold falls:

I come—I go—I find no trouble
'Mid Latakia's vapours white,
And while the long narghilehs bubble,
I skim gay turbans in my flight."

A third: "In Baalbec's temple splendid
A triglyph yields me shelter warm;
There, lightly by my claws suspended,
I screen my gaping chicks from harm."

A fourth: "In future my address is
Rhodes, once with knightly warriors fill'd;
Beneath a capital's recesses
On some black column I shall build."

A fifth one twitters: "I am fearful
Age won't permit me far to fly;
Still, Malta's terraces are cheerful
Between blue water and blue sky."

A sixth: "For me the land of Pharaoh!
I'll paste an ornament with loam
High on a minaret of Cairo,
And thus secure my winter-home."

The last one: "Soon I shall be flitting
Above the Second Cataract;
A granite monarch there is sitting,
For swallows' nests expressly crack'd."

Then all exclaim: "With tireless motion
To-morrow we shall voyage o'er
Brown plains, white peaks, and purple ocean
Whose foaming billows fringe the shore."

With quick, shrill cries, and wings a-flutter
On the tall roofs and narrow eaves,
Such is the talk the swallows utter,
Scared by the Autumn's reddening leaves.

I can interpret all their prattle;
Each poet is a bird of light,
Though like a captive, doomed to battle
With powers unseen that check his flight.

Then, "Oh! for pinions, airy pinions,"
As Rückert's charming verses sing,
To rove each year o'er earth's dominions
With swallows to eternal spring!

AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Deaf! Not a murmur or a loving word
Can ever reach his ear. The raging sea,
The pealing thunder and the cannon's roar
To him are silent—silent as the grave.
Not quite; for, ever when God takes away,

"An Appeal for the Deaf and Dumb" appeared in *Dingenes*, and is here reprinted, not on account of any supposed poetical merit, but because it met the warm approval of those in whose interest it was written. A deaf-mute, in a letter asking for a wider circulation of the "Appeal" says of the accompanying lines: "They are the most truthful and vivid I have ever met with, so much so I am inclined to think the writer must have experienced the crushing calamity himself or that some ministering angel has portrayed the deaf-mute's condition in all its reality to the writer."

He gives in other shape. The tramp of feet,
The crash of falling things, the waves of sound
Strike on a deaf man's feelings with a force
To us unknown. Vibrations of the air
Play through his frame on sympathetic nerves,
Like fine-strung instruments of varied tone.

Dumb! Not a murmur or a loving word
Can ever pass his lips. The cry of rage,
The voice of friendship and the vows of love
Freeze on his tongue, so impotent of sound.

But deem not that intelligence is null
In that doomed mortal. Gaze upon his eye—
A speaking eye—an eye that seems to hear
E'en by observing, and that gathers more
From flickering lights and shadows of a face
Than duller minds can gain from spoken words.

The age of miracles hath past; but man
Can summon art and science to his aid,
And cause the faculties of sight and touch
To act imperfectly for speech and ear.

The deaf-mute seems by Nature formed to be
A delicate artificer, and skilled
In subtle operations of the hand;
He can be taught to read, and thus to learn
The story of the Present and the Past,
Or by quick signs to share his inmost thoughts
Chiefly with those for whom he yearneth most,
His fellow-sufferers! Nay, it sometimes hap-

That men, like Kitto, reft of senses twain,
Have by their lore electrified the world
And won the crown of literary fame.

Spare not your gifts, ye wealthy of the land,
To these afflicted brethren. Ye to whom
Heaven grants that sweetest of all blessings, health,
And the keen joys of each corporeal sense,
Aid those to whom these blessings are denied,
And shed some sunchine o'er their gloomy lives.
Let us all tread, as closely as we can,
In the blest footprints of that Holy One
Who went about forever doing good,
Making the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear.

GONDOLIED.

Kiss the red lips of thy mistress to-day,
To-morrow, who knows? thou mayst sleep with the
dead.
Love, while the heart in thy bosom is gay,
Love, while thy blood is a flame that is red.
Grey hairs they say, are the pale flowers of death;
Blood turns to ice, or but sluggishly flows;
Time the remorseless, will soon with his breath
Quench the wild fire that exultingly glows.
Into my gondola step from the shore,
Under its roof we are free from alarms;
Veiled are the windows and closed is the door—
Nobody sees thee, my love, in my arms.

Nobody watches our infinite bliss,
Gently we rock on the waters that heave;
Like the fond wavelets we toy and we kiss,
Mingling caresses this midsummer eve.
Love then, while youth thrilling passion inspires,
Age soon with snow will extinguish its fires!

THE STRANGER.

(From the French of Madame Emile de Girardin.)

He passed from vision like a cloud,
Or wave that onward sweeps;
My heart that once was cold and proud
His image keeps.

One keen but fascinating glance
Enthralled my spell-bound eyes,
And since that moment of romance
Life's breath I prize.

Too daring and too rapturous
My self-communings seem;
I love him and to love him thus
Is joy supreme.

And yet in lonely hours, alas!
Mine eyes with tears are dim
To think my youthful years may pass
Apart from him.

He was the soul of which I dreamed,
For which I vainly pine;
The long-sought sister-soul that seemed
The twin of mine.

THE OLD YEAR

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And I had found it—oh, my heart!
Thy throbings I must quell;
'Tis hard from all we love to part
And cry, "Farewell."

But still, if pitying Heaven will deign
To aid us from above,
Hereafter, I shall meet again
My only love.

One moment let me hear him sigh
And feel his fond caress;
E'en were I doomed that hour to die
From joy's excess!

THE OLD YEAR.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
The calm pale moon is watching in the sky,
The stars look down unutterably bright,
Each like a seraph's eye;
They mourn thee not; they will not veil their fire,
For they have seen six thousand years expire!

Good night, Old Year, good night!
I feel like one who weeps beside a bed,
Knowing full surely that the morrow's light
Will find his comrade dead!
His comrade dead! Oh, solemn words of fate,
E'en at their sound the heart sinks desolate!

Good night, Old Year, good night!
The moaning winds thy requiem murmur low,

And like a corpse arrayed in garments white,
Thou liest draped in snow;
And thy young heir, when scarce thy breath hath
flown,
Will gallop up to seize upon his own.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
We knew that thou must die; the hectic flush
That tinged thy cheek in Autumn like a blight,
Told of Death's coming hush,
And musing mournfully, from day to day
We watched the languid progress of decay.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
We bless thee for the blessings that thy hand
Hath scattered freely, as the sun doth light,
O'er each too thankless land;
If sometimes we have murmured at our lot—
Old Year, we pray thee, oh! record it not!

Good night, Old Year, good night!
Think how we strove the tempter to repel,
Think of our aspirations for the right,
And if alas! we fell,
Recall those words the Holy One did speak,
The Soul is willing but the Flesh is weak!

Good night, Old Year, good night!
I trow that no man liveth on the Earth,
Who as thy spirit calmly takes its flight,
Woul' vent discordant mirth;
For 'tis a solemn thing, while tolls the knell,
To bid the year eternally " Farewell!"

Good night, Old Year, good night!
To some thou wast Ambassador of woe,
For with thee stalked the Phantom Death, to smite
Their loved ones like a foe;
Let such not curse thee, they should kiss the rod,
For thou wast but the messenger of God.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
Mourners whose grief is bitter to endure
Should hail with joy thy Heavenward tending flight;
For if their Faith be sure,
Each moment wafts them nearer to that shore
Where death and tears and parting are no more.

Good night, Old Year, good night!
Thy Son, the New Year, waiteth at the door
And in his hand rich gifts he grasps tight,
Three hundred and three-score;
Let us all greet him blithely as a friend,
And wait God's will with patience till the end.

THE HOROSCOPE.

(From the French of François Coppée.)

Two sisters there, whose arms were interlaced,
Stood to consult a fortune-telling hag:
While she with wrinkled fingers slowly placed
The fatal cards upon an outspread rag.

Brunette and blonde, both fresh as morning's hour,
A poppy brown, a white anemone;
One like a May bud, one an Autumn flower,
Both yearned alike their destiny to see.

"Sorrow, alas! my child, thy life must fill,"
The old witch murmured to the proud brunette:
The girl enquired, "But will he love me still?"
"Yes." "Then I care not—life is happy yet."

"Thou wilt not own thy lover's heart, sweet maid!"
This to the second sister, white as snow:
"But shall I love him?" tearfully she said.
"Yes." "That is bliss enough for me to know."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

(The idea of "The Hare and the Tortoise" was suggested to me by the late George T. Lanigan.)

Once on a time a memorable race
Between a tortoise and a hare took place.
At the word, "Go," Puss started like the wind,
And left her rival hopelessly behind:
But soon reflecting that she scarce could lose,
She sank to earth and coolly took a snooze.
Meanwhile, the tortoise slowly plodded on,
Till, inch by inch, the goal was almost won.
Just then, the hare leaped lightly from her bed,
And saw the reptile crawling—far ahead:
Scared by the sight, with all her speed and strength
She galloped in a winner by a length!
"Bravo!" cried Puss, "My victory serves to show
"The race is not gained—always—by the slow."

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

(From the French of Béranger.)

Ye gods! how fair she is! how bright
To me her beauty seems!
Her eyes are full of tender light
That haunts the soul in dreams.
No breath of life can sweeter be
Than hers, beneath the sky:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! how fair! scarce twenty years
Have watched her charms unfold:
Her mouth a budding rose appears,
Her tresses, molten gold.
Demure and coy she fails to see
Each grace that we descry:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! how exquisite her bloom!
And yet she loves me well:
For years I envied men on whom
Fair woman's eyes would dwell.
Until I won her, Love from me
Disdainfully would fly:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

Ye gods! she seems more charming now
For me her passion glows:
Bald before thirty years, my brow
To her its garland owes.

My love shall now no secret be,
Triumphant I can die:
Ye gods! how beautiful is she,
But what a fright am I!

PROLOGUE TO "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

(As acted in Montreal by the late Professor Andrew's Pupils.)

What shall I say?—'Tis nigh three hundred years
Since the Great Master of our smiles and tears,
Shakespeare, the myriad-minded artist, drew
His never-fading portrait of the Jew.

Immortal Shylock! When we speak thy name,
What swift emotions kindle into flame!
Lured by the Dramatist's romantic spell
From the grey common-place wherein we dwell
We voyage backward, up the stream of Time,
To sea-girt Venice in her golden prime.
And there, encircled by her clustering isles
Round which the Ocean ever sports and smiles,
From marble palace and from frescoed wall,
From mosque-like fane and statue-peopled hall,
We turn our gaze to where Rialto's pride
Rears its broad arch and spans the busy tide;
For us one figure lives and haunts the scene,
In scarlet cap and threadbare gaberdine.

Aye—there he stands—the money-lending Jew,
Wise as a serpent—and as deadly, too—
He sees his race, the chosen of the Lord,

PROLOGUE TO "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" 133

Proscribed and spurned, insulted and abhorred,
Till in his breast, inscrutable to all,
The milk of kindness curdles into gall.
Antonio threatens—must the threat be borne?
Again to spit upon his beard in scorn;
Oh! for one glorious chance, ere life be fled,
To wreak hot vengeance on the Christian's head;
Oh! that he might by one tremendous deed
Force the whole heart of Christendom to bleed.
It comes, at last, the chance for which he prayed;
The Duke is Judge, the forfeit must be paid,
And the stern claimant whets a gleaming knife,
Keen as his hunger for the Merchant's life.

We watch, we tremble for Antonio's fate,
We loathe the Hebrew's unrelenting hate,
But still we pity; and when Shylock old
Robbed of his child, his vengeance, and his gold,
Sees nought to live for in the years to come,
And blindly staggers to his lonely home,
I trow, that never since the world began
Hath woe more tragic been beheld by man!

Peace to such thoughts! I meant at first to say
More of the players than about the play,
But to my own astonishment I flew
Off at a tangent—all about the Jew.
One word, kind friends—whene'er you think it right,
Greet with applause the actors of to-night.
They're young, they own it, pray, forgive the crime—
Youth is a fault that disappears—in time.

Portia's sweet self is waiting, at the side,
 Antonio's saviour and Bassanio's bride:
 Her melting tones, inimitably clear,
 Fall like soft music on the spell-bound ear,
 While pert Nerissa plays a double part,
 Like giddy Jessica, with graceful art.
 As for the boys—those sprightly, clever elves
 Have tongues, I know, to answer for themselves.

My task is o'er—the curtain soon will rise,
 And Shakespeare's scenes shall live before your eyes.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

In London's fair city a merchant did dwell,
 He had but one daughter, an unkimmon nice young
 gal;
 Her name it were Dinah, just sixteen years old,
 With a very large portion of silver and gold.

As Dinah was a-valking in the gardin one day,
 Her papa he came to her and thus he did say:—
 " Go, dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,
 For I've got you a 'usband, both galliant and gay."

" Oh, papa, oh, papa! I've not made up my mind,
 And to marry just yet I am not quite inclined:
 And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,
 If you'll let me be single just one year or more."

" Go, go, boldest daughter," the parient replied,
 " If you won't consent for to be this man's bride,
 I'll give all your fortin to the nearest of kin
 And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."

As Vilikins vas a-valkin in the gardin one day,
 He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the clay—
 And a cup of cold pison was a-lying by her side,
 And a billet-dux to say that for Vilikins she died!

He kiss'd her cold corpus a thousand time o'er,
 He called her his Dinah, though she were no more,
 And swallowed the pison, like a lover so brave,
 And Vilikins and his Dinah lie buried in one grave.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Res bene Londini quondam mercator agebat,
 Unica cui proles, grata puella, fuit.
 Dina bis octonus vixdum compleverat annos,
 Pondus ob argenti grande petita sui.

Forte vagabatur fragrantem Dina per hortum,
 Quum pater ingratos edidit ore sonos:
 "Vade age—sic jubeo—regales indue vestes—
 Te manet egregius, Dina beata, procus."

"O pater, alme pater! mea mens incerta vacillat,
 Nee cupio, thalami nescia, ferre jugum.
 Divitias, quantæ mihi sint, tibi læta resigno,
 Dummodo ne cogar me sociare viro."

"At cave," respondit pater, "audacissima virgo!
 Nec mora—tu conjux conjugis hujus eris:
 Sin minus—argento potietur proximus hæres,
 Nec fuerit vili te penes asse frui."

Forte pererrabat juvenis Vilikinsius hortum,
 Tempore quo moriens Dina jacebat humi;
 Cernitur atra calix, gelido commixta veneno,
 Chartaque, virgineus quâ patet omnis amor.

Oscula morte rigens accepit mille puella,
 Mortua, sed quamvis mortua, Dina tamen!
 Tum bibt impavido Vilikinsius ore venenum,
 Fidaque cum fido Dina sepulta jacet.

A FAREWELL TO THE "GUARDS."

Brave men and true, farewell!
 This eve the steamship wafts you from our shore,
 And few who round the "Royal Mountain" dwell
 Will see your faces more:
 Should this be so—the future who can read?
 Guardsmen! we bid you, one and all, God speed!

Blithe Summer thrice hath bloomed
 Since, proudly conscious of your valour's worth,
 What time War's shadow in the distance loomed,
 Old England sent you forth;
 She deemed it well to trust her Western child
 To men whose honour never was defiled.

Stern Winter reigned supreme
 When to our aid ye marched through dreary lands;
 Keen frost, deep snow-drifts seemed a hideous dream
 To your enduring bands;
 But the warm welcome ye received at last
 Effaced the memory of each hardship past.

Then ye were strangers—now
Ye are our friends—and ye have earned the name
By living lives ye need not disavow,

By shunning deeds of shame;
And thus, brave Guardsmen, as your host departs,
One feeling animates Canadian hearts;

One feeling of regret,
Deep and unfeigned, that men by whom each day
Our streets were trod, to whom we owe a debt

That words can never pay,
Will soon be sundered by the ruthless deep
From hearts that pray for them, from eyes that weep!

Oft at the festal scene
We shall miss faces round the social hearth—
When gallant officers, whose courteous mien
Betokened gentle birth,
No longer woo Canadian beauty's glance,
Breathe the soft lay, or circle in the dance.

But not in vain, we trust,
Have your bold legions dwelt within our land;
Go to your English homes, since go you must,

It is your Queen's command—
But bear away fond memories of the time
That ye have sojourned in our peaceful clime.

Let distant brothers know
That they must dream of Canada no more
As a bleak region of eternal snow,

Where boundless forests soar,
And fur-clad settlers, whom the winter spares,
Wage a grim war with Indians or with bears.

Dispel such idle dreams:
Go tell your comrades, of a fertile soil,
A healthful climate and majestic streams;
Tell how the sons of toil
Love the free country that hath still full space
To nurture millions of the human race.

Tell of our sea-like lakes,
Of village homes where Peace and Plenty smile,
Of grand St. Lawrence, our Canadian Nile,
And the vast Bridge that breaks
The crystal boulders, mountainous and white,
That Winter vainly hurls against its might.

And now, once more Farewell!
May Peace brood dove-like o'er your Island-home,
But oh! if e'er some rebel hordes to quell
Through foreign lands ye roam,
May the great God of Battles lend you might
To vanquish England's foemen in the fight.

THE SILKEN SASHES.

The Turks were many—the Greeks were few,
But their blood was hot and their hearts beat true;
And they sware an oath before God on high
Never like dastards to yield—but die.

But how can a hundred champions hope
With foes eight hundred or more to cope?
Death comes, however, but once to all,
Why fear to die, if they nobly fall ?

One Greek, a stripling, they sent away
And sternly bade him this charge obey:
" Go hide and watch, till the combat ends,
Then bear the news to our wives and friends."

At dawn they quitted the mountain glade
Where each his couch on the turf had made,
And down to the valley they marched, and there
Upreared a rampart with toilsome care.

The Pacha's envoy gave curt command:
" Disband, ye rebels! at once, disband!"
The Chieftain answered, " It is too late.
Our stand is taken: we bide our fate."

The silken sashes that girt them round,
Long crimson sashes, had been unwound:
And linked together, strong limb to limb,
They proudly chanted a battle-hymn.

The onslaught followed: the heroes fell,
Cut down by sabre and shot and shell;
But ere the lives of the hundred sped,
Five hundred Moslems had joined the dead.

When months had passed since that bloody fray,
An English Colonel who rode that way
Saw sun-bleached skeletons strewn around,
With crimson sashes together bound.

DESOLATION.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

In the forest bleak and lonely
Nothing by the winds is stirred
But one withered leaflet only,
And beside it pipes a bird.

Everything is dead or dying
In my heart, save love alone;
There it sings, but Autumn's sighing
Drowns the music of each tone.

Winter comes—the leaflet falleth,
Love, too, dies amid the gloom;
Little Bird! when spring-time calleth,
Come and sing above my tomb!

A PAUPER POET.

In a vast city's swarming street,
Where crowds sweep wave-like on,
Where, if some strange, quaint sight we meet,
We turn, and lo! 'tis gone;

I saw a face that moved my heart,
That haunts my memory yet,
Its phantom never can depart,
Although but once we met.

I may not tell the wretchedness
That glared from out its eyes;
Touched by its silent, sore distress,
I could not check my sighs.

He passed, men muttered, and I heard
His life's eventful tale—
What marvel if my soul was stirred
That stranger to bewail?

A Poet once—his magic strains
Through Italy had rung,
And with wild music pierced the brains
And hearts of old and young.

He had sung Love, Liberty, and Light,
And, by some weird control,
Had troubled, as an Angel might,
The waters of each soul.

And now he treads the crowded street,
A care-worn pauper old—
White-haired, ill-clad in summer's heat,
Ill-clad in winter's cold.

Methought, that Bard, bowed down and weak,
Was like some leafless vine,
Which, storm-tossed, on a hill-side bleak,
And white with snow, doth pine;

While the rich juice that from it ran,
Like song from a Poet's heart,
Cheers, warms and fires the souls of men
In climes that oceans part!

A BALLAD FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

There is a story that hath oft
 My spirit deeply stirred,
None ever at its words have scoffed,
 Although so often heard.

I call to mind no other tale,
 More fitted for the time;
Its pathos cannot wholly fail
 To consecrate my rhyme.

A rich man dwelt in days of old
 Within a palace rare;
Arrayed in purple and in gold
 He fed on sumptuous fare.

And to his gateway there did crawl
 A Lazar, old and sore,
Who begged the crumbs that chanced to fall
 Upon the palace floor.

Alas! in vain the Lazar prayed;
 They bade him "Quick, begone!"
In purple and in gold arrayed
 Still Dives feasted on.

Death came—and Lazarus at last
 With Angels went to dwell;
The rich man's spirit also passed
 Away from earth—to hell.

THE BALLAD OF THE HOPELESS MAN

III

And thence he lifts his burning eyes
In torment and unrest,
And sees the Lazar, as he lies
In Abraham's holy breast.

"One drop, one drop, in Mercy's name,
To cool my tongue," he cried,
"I am tormented in this flame!"
That blessing was denied.

O brothers! ye, who riches own,
To starving want be just;
Heaven counts those riches but a loan,
A temporary trust.

There is a gulf which yawns between
The Wealthy and the Poor,
And Love alone that wide ravine
Can bridge securely o'er!

THE BALLAD OF THE HOPELESS MAN.

(From the French of Henri Murger.)

"Who knocks for entrance at this hour?"
"Open." "Who art thou first?" " 'Tis I."

"Thy name. I cannot ope my door
At midnight to a stranger's cry;

"Thy name." "Oh! let me in thy room—
The snow falls fast—it blinds my sight!"

"Thy name." "A corpse within the tomb
Is not more cold than I to-night.

For I have wandered all the day
From north to south, from east to west;
Oh! let the wanderer in, I pray,
One moment by thy fire to rest!"

"Not yet! Who art thou?" "I am Fame—
To immortality I lead."
"Hence mocking shade, delusive name!
Thy faithless voice I dare not heed."

"Oh! hear me, I am Love and Youth
Akin to heaven."—"Pass on thy way;
My mistress failed me in her truth—
Love, Youth for me both died that day!"

"Hush! I am Poesy and Art,
Proscribed by man. Quick, open." "No—
Begone! All music from my heart
Died out with love, long years ago."

"But I am Wealth: thou shalt not lack
Vast treasures of victorious gold,
And I can lure thy mistress back—"
"Alas! but not our love of old."

"Unbar thy dwelling! I am Power
And I can throne thee as a King."
"In vain—the friends that are no more
Back to these arms thou canst not bring."

"Then hearken! If for him alone
Who tells his name, thy doors unclose—
Learn that my name is Death: I own
A balm that cures all earthly woes.

Hark! at my girdle clank the keys
 Of gloomy vaults where sleep the dead!
 Thou, too, shalt slumber at thine ease,
 For I will guard thy dreamless bed."

"Come, then, thou stranger pale and thin,
 Scorn not my garret's naked floor—
 My hearth is cold, but enter in,
 I welcome thee—I can relate,

Hope's self my bosom cannot tell,
 And I am weary of life's cheat
 Had but my courage match'd my will
 This heart long since had ceased to beat.

Come, sup with me, and sleep; and when
 Thy reckoning thou shalt seek in vain
 At morn, O gentle Angel, then
 Far bear me in thine arms away.

Long for thy coming I have pined,
 And I with joy will be thy mate:
 But leave, oh! leave my dog behind,
 For—so—one friend shall mourn my fate!"

A STORY OF KING DAVID.

1 Chronicles, Chap. XI, 18-19.

'Twas the harvest-time, and the warrior King
 In the cave of Adullam lay,
 Weary of battles, and languishing
 With the pitiless heat of day;
 Pale he lay, as one who had died,
 And his foes were around him on every side.

Through a storm-rent crevice he bent his gaze
Upon Rephaim's vale below,
And watched in the quivering noontide-blaze
The tents of the heathen glow;
For the foemen's garrisons held each place,
City or hamlet, that eye could trace.

A burning fever consumed the King,
And he panted with keen desire
For a fresh, cool draught from some mountain spring,
While his brain seemed all on fire;
But rivulet near him or fount was none:—
They had been lapped up by the fierce, hot sun.

Then he thought how his enemies slaked their thirst
At the well by Bethlehem's gate,
And a cry from his kingly bosom burst,
As he crouched there, desolate:
" Oh! the cool, pure waters of Bethlehem,
My parched lips' agony pines for them!

Is it some dream that I panting lie
Like a woodland beast at bay?
Israel's anointed King, am I
To perish of thirst this day?
Oh! that some help-mate a draught would give
Of Bethlehem's waters that I might live! "

Adino the Eznite, a stalwart chief,
And warrior-comrades twain,
Heard the sick monarch's low cries of grief.
And vowed to assuage his pain;
But for three, I ween, 'twas a hopeless task
To seek the boon that the King did ask.

Their fleet, strong coursers flew like wind,
Their swords like lightning flashed,
As onward, to jeopardy seeming blind,
Like angels of death they dashed,
Till at Bethleherem's gate, after bloody deeds,
They reeled in their saddles and reined their steeds.

Ice-cold water they drew from the well,
And soon by the same red track,
While arrows and javelins rain-like fell,
Rode gashed and gore-stained back:
Then they sought the cavern, and cried, "O King,
Water from Bethlehem's well we bring."

Dizzy and feeble the King stood up
To honour the mighty Three,
And with trembling fingers upraised the cup,
While its waters sparkled free;
Still he would not sip one drop, but poured
The blood-bought life-draught to the Lord.

And he spake: "O Lord! be it far from me
To do this sinful thing;
This cup is the blood of these mighty Three
Who were stricken to save their King!"
So he would not drink in his sore distress—
Could a king do more, or a hero less?

AT LAKE MAHOLE.

(Dedicated to Louis J. Papineau, Esq., of Montebello.)

Stretched on a hillside's wooded height,
While with faint sigh the breezes blow,
We watch the moonbeams' trembling light
On Lake Maholé's breast below.

Primeval mountains, grouped around,
O'ergrown by immemorial pines,
The near horizon's circle bound
With their black summits' curving lines.

And all is silent as the moon—
The earth, the waters, and the sky—
Save when some solitary loon
Wakes the weird echoes with a cry.

Here, where man's step hath seldom trod,
Where settler's axe hath never rung,
We muse unseen except by God—
Each nerve to new-born rapture strung.

Amid this solemn wilderness
'Twere sweet, dear friend, to dwell awhile,
Far from stern labour's daily stress
Too rarely solaced by a smile.

'Twere sweet—who knows ? beneath yon lake
To sink on some tempestuous night,
And in an after-world to wake—
A world of unimagined light!

Peace to such thoughts. The camp-fire's blaze
Allures us to our transient home:
To-morrow, with the sun's first rays
Awaking, onward we will roam.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

FOR A BLIND BEGGAR.

Like Homer's self, or Belisarius blind,
By one slight girl, his guardian angel, led—
The alms bestowed by strangers who are kind
He cannot see; God watches in his stead.

BENEATH A CRUCIFIX.

Come to this God, ye mourners, for he weeps:
Come, ye who suffer, he will heal your pain:
Ye tremblers, come: his pity never sleeps;
Come, all who pass: Christ waits, and will remain.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ODES OF
HORACE.

Book I. ODE XXII.

Fuscus, the man whose life is pure,
And clear from crime, may live secure:
No Moorish darts or bow he needs,
No quiver stored with venomous reeds.

Whether on Afric's burning sands,
Or savage Caucasus he stands,
Or where, with legend-haunted tide,
The waters of Hydaspes glide.

For, while in Sabine glades, alone,
Singing of Lalage, my own,
I roamed light-hearted and unarmed,
A wolf that taced me fled—alarmed.

No monster so portentous roves
Through gallant Daunia's broad oak-groves,
Nor e'en in Juba's thirsty land,
That suckles lions 'mid the sand.

Place me on lifeless deserts, where
No tree is fanned by summer's air,
That zone of earth, which mist and cloud
With sullen atmosphere enshroud;

Set me in boundless realms afar,
Beneath the sun's too neighbouring car,
E'en there, sweet-smiling Lalage,
Sweet-speaking maid, beloved shall be.

HORACE TO VIRGIL ON THE DEATH OF
QUINCTILIUS.

Book I, ODE XXIV

Why check the yearning for a friend
So loved ? O muse, to whom belong,
By Jove's own gift, both lyre and song,
Thy mournful inspiration lend.

Quinctilius sleeps in endless night!

When shall his peer be found on earth
For truth unblemished, modest worth,
And loyal faith that loves the right?

The Good all mourned him; but thy moan
Was saddest, Virgil! Thou in vain
Dost ask him of the Gods again,
Unmindful he was but a loan.

Nay—could'st thou sweeter strains command
Than Orpheus, whom the groves obeyed,
Thou could'st not animate the shade
Which Maia's son, with gloomy wand,

Closing the gate of Life, hath driv'n
To mingle with the spectral throng,
'Tis hard—but Suffering makes us strong
To meet the unchanging will of Heav'n!

BOOK I. ODE XXXVII.

Boy, I detest all Persian state,
And crowns with linden-bark entwined;
Seek not the rose that lingers late
For me to find.

Enough; this simple myrtle-wreath
Which decks not ill thy brows and mine,
As, served by thee, I drink beneath
The trellised vine.

BOOK III. ODE XII.

Bandusian Spring, as crystal clear,
With flowers, thy due, and pleasant wine,
A kid to-morrow shall be thine,
Whose horns just budding forth appear,

Portending love and war. In vain!
Child of the wanton flock, his blood
The ice-cold current of thy flood
Ere long with crimson hue shall stain.

The blazing Dog-star's scorching heat
Doth touch thee not. Oh! grateful thou
To oxen wearied of the plough,
And the faint herd with wandering feet.

Thou, too, ennobled, shalt be found
Among Earth's fountains, while I sing
Thy bubbling rills, that downward spring
From hollow crags with ilex crown'd.

BOOK II. ODE X.

Life's course in safety would'st thou steer,
Licinius, shun the open deep;
Nor to the treacherous shore in fear
Of storms too closely keep.

The giant pine by tempest oft
Is rent: towers fall with heavy crash
And mountain peaks that soar aloft
Attract the lightning's flash.

He who selects the golden mean
Finds in no garret foul his home,
Nor covets, sober and serene,
The envy-stirring dome.

A mind well trained both hopes in woe,
And fears in weal a change of fate,
For Jove who sends the cheerless snow
Withdraws it soon or late.

Tears will be followed by a smile—
Apollo, with his lyre, the muse
Oft wakens, ceasing for a while
His deadly bow to use.

When nearly wrecked in times of ill
Prove the brave mettle of thy mind,
And wisely reef thy sails that fill
With too propitious wind.

BOOK II. ODE XIV.

Oh! Postumus, my friend, my friend,
The years glide swiftly to an end:
No prayers can wrinkled age delay
Or Death's inevitable day.
Thrice yearly hecatombs of steers
From Pluto's eyes can draw no tears.
Sternly he holds Earth's giant brood
Encircled with a gloomy flood:
That flood which all must traverse soon,
All we who feed on Nature's boon,

Kings though we be, exempt from toil,
Or needy tillers of the soil.
What though we shun War's bloody plain
And the hoarse surge of Adria's main;
What though in Autumn's sultry hour
We dread the South wind's blighting power,
To black Cocytus, oozing slow
And the vile Danais we must go.
Him we must view who rolls the stone
Condemned eternally to groan.
Earth, home, and charming wife must be
Abandoned, and no cherished tree,
Except the cypresses abhorred,
Shall follow there their short lived lord.
An heir thy Caecuban shall seize
Close guarded with a hundred keys,
And revelry thy floor shall stain
With choicer wine than Pontiffs drain.

" FOR VALOUR."

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his
friend. New Testament.

Hector Lachlan Stewart MacLean
A " Beau sabreur " in the Swat campaign,
Will never brandish his sword again.

Boldly he charged with some troopers brave,
And hissing bullets they faced to save
A foe-girt friend from a bloody grave.

They grasped his body, and swiftly turned;
 MacLean, sore-wounded, in spirit burned:
 The Cross "For Valour" their deed had earned.

Death claimed his prey. In the next "Gazette"
 His name was honoured, with keen regret
 That he died ere his Country could pay her debt.

And thus, by laying his young life down
 To save a comrade, he won renown.
 His Cross he missed—but he gained his Crown!

A paragraph in the London "Daily News" says: "The Victoria Cross is to be conferred on some brave Indian officers. Their acts of courage are recorded in 'The London Gazette,' simultaneously with the announcement of Her Majesty's intention to give them the coveted decoration 'For Valour.' Two of the decorations refer to one incident in the Upper Swat Campaign. A third decoration ought to have been given, but it will be seen that in the act of bravery commended Lieutenant Hector Lachlan Stewart MacLean sacrificed his life and therefore his Cross. There is a pathetic memorandum in the 'Gazette' to the effect that on account of his gallant conduct he would have been recommended to Her Majesty for the Victoria Cross had he survived." The "Daily News" then quotes from the "Gazette" the official record of the bravery of these officers.

THE DOVES.

(From Théophile Gautier.)

On yonder hillside, white with tombs,
 A palm tree's fan-like foliage blooms ;
 There, in the gloaming flock the doves,
 To rest their wings and coo their loves.

At dawn the palm tree they forsake,
 Like beads that from a necklace break,
 And scatter airily in flight,
 Upon some distant roof to light.

My soul doth, like that palm, receive
White dreams as visitors, at eve:
They drop from heaven — a while they stay—
But vanish at the break of day.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

(Translated from Schiller.)

"Sir Knight! true sister-love
This heart devotes to thee:
No fonder seek to prove,
For oh! it paineth me.
Calmly I see thee near,
Calmly I see thee go:
But why that silent tear
Is wept, I may not know."

By dumb despair oppress'd
The warrior's heart was wrung—
He strained her to his breast,
Then on his charger sprung;
And summoned vassals brave
Forth from the Switzer's land,
And sought the Holy Grave
With red-cross pilgrim-band.

There deeds of daring might
Were wrought by heroes' arms—
Their helmet-plumes waved bright
Amid the Paynim-swarms:
And Toggenburg's dread name

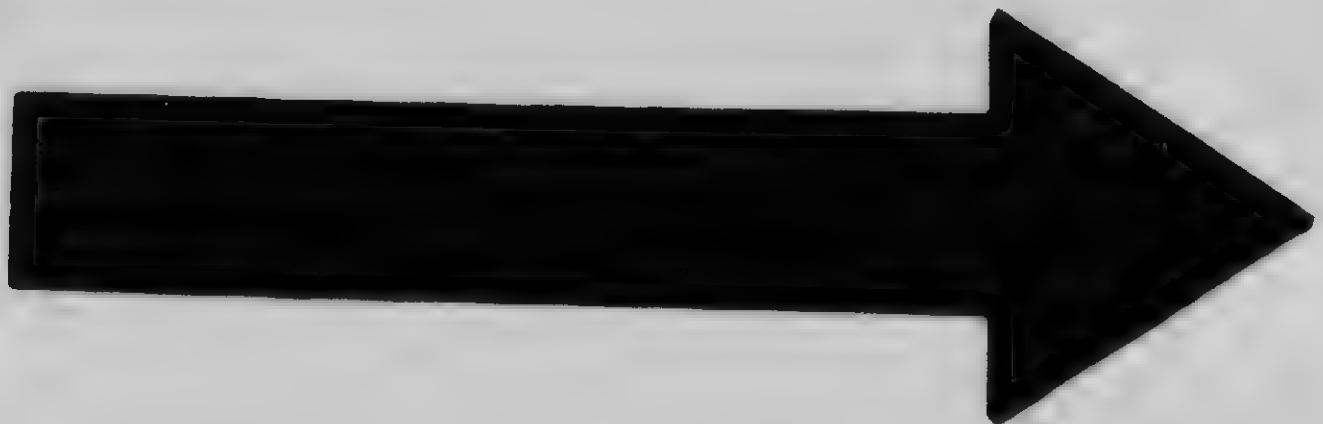
Struck terror to the foe,
But still no solace came
To soothe his lonely woe.

One year he now hath pined—
Why longer should he stay?
Repose he cannot find
Amid the host's array.
A bark from Joppa's strand
Sailed gentle gales beneath:
He seeks the hallowed land
Where floats her balmy breath.

And soon a pilgrim wan
Knocks at her castle-gate,
And hears, oh! lonely man!
The thunder-word of fate:
"The maid thou seekest now
Is Heaven's unspotted bride,
By yester-morning's vow
To God himself allied."

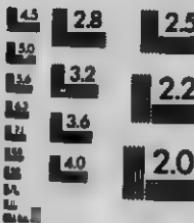
'Tis past! He quits for aye
His old ancestral home;
His arms with rust decay,
His steeds at pleasure roam.
Down from his natal crags,
Unknown to all, he hies:
A hermit's sackcloth rags
His noble limbs disguise.

He rears a lowly hut
Near scenes endeared by love,
Where frowns her convent shut



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'Mid shade of linden-grove:
And in that lonesome place
 He sate from dawn of day,
With hope upon his face,
 Till evening's latest ray;

Watching with earnest hope
 The convent-walls above
To mark a lattice ope,
 The lattice of his love:
To see but once her face,
 So meek and angel-mild,
Low bending down to gaze
 Upon the valley wild.

And then he sought repose,
 Consoled by visions bright,
Nor thought upon his woes
 At sweet return of light.
And thus he sate—alone—
 Long dream-like days and years,
Waiting, without a moan,
 Until the maid appears:

Waiting to see her face,
 So meek and angel-mild,
Low bending down to gaze
 Upon the valley wild.
And so he sate in death
 One summer morning, there,
Still watching from beneath
 With fond, calm, wistful stare !

A COUP D'ÉTAT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 4TH, 1851.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

The child received two bullets in the brain.
We bore him home: the house was small and plain.
On the bare wall there hung a portrait, dress'd
With a green palm-branch that a priest had bless'd.
The aged grandmother was there, alone:
She kiss'd the victim with a piteous moan.
In silence we uncovered every limb,
His lips were open, and his eyes were dim;
And while his arms drooped, listless, to the ground,
A wooden top within his frock we found.
Deep were the wounds from which we wiped the
blood—

Hast thou seen berries bleeding in a wood?
His skull was cloven, as a log is split,
The woman watched us, as we tended it,
Crying: "How white he is! Bring near the lamp:
God! The poor curls around his brow are damp!"
When all was done, she took him on her knees.
The night was dreary—borne upon the breeze
Gunshots were heard, that told of many dead.
"Come—let us bury the dear child," we said,
And from an antique chest we drew a sheet.
But still the grandam strove to gather heat
In his stiff limbs, beside the embers warm.
Alas! when Death's cold fingers touch a form
All earthly warmth is vain. She bent her head,
Drew off his socks, scarce sure that he was dead,

And while his feet she fondled in her hand,
She said: "These things are hard to understand.
Monsieur, the child was only eight years old,
And all his teachers loved him, I am told.
When some chance letter reached me from a friend
The boy would write—but this is at an end!
They kill the children now, it seems; *Mon Dieu*,
Men have turned brigands, then! Can this be true?
Before our window, there, he played at morn—
To-night, my darling from my life is torn.
They fired upon him, *Monsieur*, in the street,
While he was passing—he, so good and sweet—
But I am old; I have not long to stay;
Would God that *Monsieur Bonaparte* to-day
Had bid his soldiers kill me, not the child."
Here, she ceased speaking, for her sobs grew wild.
Soon, she continued with pathetic tone,
"What will become of me now left alone?
Explain me that, kind gentlemen. I had
Nought from his mother but this little lad.
Why did they kill him? Can you tell me? Speak;
He never shouted, *Vive la République!*"

Silent and grave we stood, with brows all bare,
Trembling before the sorrow of despair.

Thou hast no head for politics, poor dame!
Monsieur Napoleon—so, the man I name—
Is Prince, and pauper; and he fain would own
Unbounded wealth, a palace, and a throne;
Hence, wrinkled hands, to sate his lust for gold,
Must sew the shrouds of children eight years old.

AN OLD SONG OF A YOUTHFUL TIME

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AN OLD SONG OF A YOUTHFUL TIME.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

I went for a woodland walk
With Rose, whom I heeded not;
'Twas in old, old times—our talk
Was of trifles long forgot.

I was marble-cold, and shy,
As I roamed with listless strides:
We babbled of flowers—her eye
Seemed to ask, "Is there nought besides?"

The dewdrops hung, like pearls,
On the copse of shady dales;
I listened aye to the merles,
And Rose to the nightingales.

I was sixteen—*sans cœur*—
She twenty—blithe and free—
The nightingale sang to her,
And the blackbirds whistled at me.

With white arms raised, she stood
Stretched to her utmost height,
To pluck some fruit in the wood—
I saw not her arms so white.

A streamlet, fresh and deep,
Over velvet mosses strayed,
And Nature seemed to sleep
In the grand wood's solemn shade;

Rose lifted her robe of white,
And dipped, with an innocent air,
Her naked foot in the wavelet bright—
I saw not her foot so fair.

We roamed in the woods longwhile,
But never a word spake I,
Though I saw her sometimes smile,
And heard her sometimes sigh;

I felt not how fair that maid,
Till we left the deep woodland glen;
“Amen! we won’t think of it more,” she said—
I have thought of it oft since then!

MARGARET’S SONG.

(From Faust.)

In Thule lived a monarch old,
True even to the grave,
To whom a goblet, wrought of gold,
His dying leman gave.

And naught more richly did he prize,
At every feast ’twas drained;
And often, as he quaffed, his eyes
With tears o’erbrimming rained.

And when his death drew nigh, with care
He counts his cities up;
No wealth begrudging to his heir,
Except the golden cup.

A solemn feast he held, with all
His Knights as company;
'Twas in his proud, ancestral hall
That hung above the sea.

There stood that king-carouser old
His last life-draught to drain,
Then hurled the treasured cup of gold
Far down into the main.

He saw it splash: it filled, it sank,
Deep, deep the waves beneath;
With downcast eyes he watched, nor drank
One drop again till death!

THE WANDERING JEW.

(Translated from Béranger.)

Christian! a cup of water fetch
For the faint pilgrim at thy gate:
I am the Wandering Jew, poor wretch!
Whirled onwards evermore by fate.
I age not, though by years oppress,
The world's end is my only dream;
Each eve, fresh hopes inspire my breast
But still to-morrow's sun will beam.
Ever, ever,
The earth spins round, and resteth never,
Never, never!

For eighteen hundred years, alas!
O'er Grecian and o'er Roman dust,
O'er countless empires quenched, I pass,
By fearful whirlwinds onward thrust.
Good I have seen that failed to thrive,
While lustier evil throve and grew;
And I have watched two worlds survive
The ancient world, from Ocean's blue.
Ever, ever,
The Earth spins round, and resteth never,
Never, never!

God changed me, that he might chastise—
To all that perishes I cling—
But, when some shelter open lies,
The tempest sweeps me on its wing.
How many starvelings in each land
Ask aid that I would fain supply!
They have no time to clasp the hand
I love to stretch while passing by.
Ever, ever,
The Earth spins round and resteth never,
Never, never!

If e'er beneath some leafy trees,
On cool green turf, beside the wave,
I seek my wretchedness to ease.
Forthwith the vengeful whirlwinds rave.
Oh! why should Heaven begrudge my grief
A fleeting moment of repose?
Eternity itself were brief
To soothe my agonizing woes!

Ever, ever,
The Earth spins round, and resteth never,
Never, never!

How oft have children, pure and bright,
Called up the phantoms of mine own!
But, while I feast upon the sight,
On by the whirlwind I am blown.
O aged mortals! wherefore lust
That age may be prolonged awhile?
My weary foot shall stir the dust
Of those sweet babes on whom I smile.

Ever, ever,
The Earth spins round, and resteth never,
Never, never!

I scan dim traces of the home,
Where, ages since, I had my birth:
The whirlwind mutters, "Onward roam!
Thy steps must traverse all the earth.
Such is the penance for thy sin
Till the spent universe expires:
For thee no place is kept within
The crumbling vault that holds thy sires."

Ever, ever,
The Earth spins round, and resteth never,
Never, never!

I taunted with inhuman jest
The Man-God, as he breathed his last!
Since then my feet have had no rest—
Farewell! I travel with the blast.
Ye who sweet charity disown.

Behold my pain that none can cure:
'Tis not for Godhead scorned, alone,
But outraged manhood I endure!
Ever ever,
The Earth spins round, and resteth never,
Never, never!

THE AVENGED CROW.

(Imitated from the French.)

You have all heard the tale of the Fox and the Crow,
But the sequel, I fancy, that few people know:
Permit me to tell the "dénouement," for I
Was a witness, alas! of poor Renard's last sigh.

His Papa, his Mamma, and the nearest of kin
Who kissed his cold muzzle were filled with chagrin,
When the doctor (called in to determine the question)
Pronounced his death caused by severe indigestion!

"My Friends," said Papa, "this deplorable case
Will brand us, I fear, as a gluttonous race;
'Twill be said this dear child, whom we idolized so,
Died from eating the cheese of that imbecile Crow."

All groaned at these words. The dead "gourmand"
next morn
In a hearse with white plumes to the grave-yard was
borne:
The Foxes in black—some three hundred in all—
Walked two and two, chanting the "Dead March" in
"Saul."

When they stood round the pit, they again groaned aloud,
And the Mayor made a heart-breaking speech to the crowd:
What he said I don't know—but of this there's no doubt
That each Fox held a handkerchief up to his snout.
Just then Madam Crow (perched hard by on a tree)
Croaked "Renard is dead! What a grand day for me!
He sneered at my singing, and pilfered my cheese—
In return, he lies there, carried off by disease!"

MORAL

The Moral is this: when we rob friend or foe,
It seldom brings weal, but it often brings woe.
Had Renard not been an inordinate thief,
Dyspepsia would never have brought him to grief!

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

(Translated from Uhland.)

Three students over the Rhine have hied:
To the Inn of a Hostess they turn aside.

"Say, Hostess, hast thou good beer and wine,
And where is that lovely daughter of thine?"

"My wine and ale are both bright and clear:
My daughter lies shrouded upon her bier."

Softly they entered her sleeping-room,
And there she lay in the coffin's gloom.

The First, he lifted the maiden's veil,
And sadly gazed on her features pale.

"Would thou wert living, O fairest maid!
I would love thee dearly, henceforth," he said.

The Second covered her face again,
And turned aside to shed tears like rain.

"Ah, me! thou art lying upon thy bier,
Thou, whom I cherished for many a year."

The Third uplifted once more the veil,
And kissed the maid on the lips so pale:

"I love thee now, as I loved before—
I will love thee fondly for evermore!"

TWO PICTURES.

(From the French of N. Martin.)

THE BIRD OF GLOOM.

High on a snow-clad branch a gloomy bird
Sat, silent as despair, and never stirred!

Upon the desolate earth are fixed his eyes—
In the lone glen, perchance, he marks a prize;

Or is he dead? Not so—he strippeth bare
The snow-clad bough, and whets his beak with care;

Then sails away on weary wing, and then
Drops where yon sexton digs the graves of men!

CONSOLATION

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THE BIRD OF LIGHT.

A bird sat piping upon a spray,
All silvered over with blossoms gay.

His crimson plumage was wondrous bright,
He seemed to have flown from the realms of light.

So clear a voice from his throat did pass,
The charmed soul rang to it, like a glass.

He sang such paens of victory,
That the hearts of all men with hope beat high.

He is dead—that bird of my golden days—
Oh! would that again I might hear his lays!

CONSOLATION.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

Poor restless mortal, creature of a day!
Why dost thou mourn? who wakes thy plaintive
sigh?

What though thy soul be sorrow's tearful prey,
That soul is deathless, and thy tears will dry.

Thou art the victim of some woman's whim,
Thy heart is crushed by one who cannot feel:
Thou seekest God, imploring aid from Him—
Thy soul is deathless, and thy heart will heal.

Thou say'st, unmann'd by transitory sorrow,
The Past conceals the Future from thy sight:

Weep not for yesterday, await to-morrow—
 Thy soul is deathless—Time pursues his flight.

Thy body faints beneath thy spirit's woe—
 Thy limbs are feeble, and thy brow doth bend—
 Go, kneel in prayer, insensate creature! go—
 Thy soul is deathless: life will quickly end.

Thy bones to dust shall crumble in the bier—
 Thy memory, name and glory, all must die—
 But not thy love: if love to thee be dear,
 'Twill live forever with thy soul on high!

A HANDFUL OF EPIGRAMS.

(Translated from the French.)

"With perfect ease," a scribbler cried,
 "I pour my verses forth;
 "They cost me nought." A friend replied,
 "They cost you what they're worth."

DE MARSY.

"Silence in Court!" a Judge harangued,
 "This noise is quite absurd!
 "Five men I've sentenced to be hanged,
 "Whose pleas I haven't heard."

BARATON.

Greece, that produced a warrior-host
 Renowned in all our schools,
 Could but of seven Sages boast;
 Who, then, can count her fools?

GRÉCOURT.

This play-wright, arrogant and mean,
Is wont his friends to tell
He has the secret of Racine—
He keeps the secret well!

ARNAUD.

A bard, whose name I won't disclose,
Asserted once, with pride,
"I never deign to write in prose!"
His *verses* prove he lied.

VOLTAIRE.

Stab as you will with venom'd quill
The living and the dead,
Few will abuse your jealous muse
Because—she's seldom read.

COQUARD.

My friend! you thought me stupid once,
Because I scarcely spoke:
I thought you, too, an empty dunce
Whene'er—you silence broke.

LINIÈRES.

BENEATH A PICTURE.

Fearfully gazing Spirit! wherefore lies
That strange, sad speculation in thine eyes?
Why dost thou shrink, as though beneath a storm,
Shedding the brightness of thine angel form?
Art thou a rebel spirit? Did'st thou fling
Proud threats of old at Heaven's Eternal King,
And, crushed and vanquished, wilt thou soon be hurl'd
Down by the Victor to a demon-world?
It cannot be! Thou art not one of those
Doomed to a dark eternity of woes,
Who gnash their teeth in frenzied pain, and weep,
And vainly pray for everlasting sleep;
No! thou are spotless—all thy sins are dead—
A wreath of glory streams around thy head,
And, if thy countenance is pale and wan,
'Tis that thy love is shown in fear for man.

Yea, fear hath cast a shade upon thy soul,
For worlds are shrinking like a shrivelled scroll,
And all things pass away, and angels gaze
With dim intelligence and strange amaze
On shadowy forms upfloating from the earth,
Roused by the trumpet to a second birth.

Swiftly they soar, as eagles o'er a cloud,
Souls from all climes, a voiceless, troubled crowd,
Sinners and saints, the monarch and the slave,
Bursting at once the bondage of the grave.

"In Orcagna's painting of 'The Last Judgment' there is the figure of an Angel, who is looking with a feeling of awe and anxiety at the assembled myriads awaiting the last decree of Heaven." *The Parthenon* (art magazine), No. VII, p. 98.

Perhaps, amid those sinners there is one
Whom thou dost recognize—an only son—
For whom sad prayers were offered up above
By the deep fondness of a deathless love;
Who, cold and senseless as earth's meanest clod,
Died as he lived, the enemy of God!

And he—the loved, the lost one—cometh now,
With sin's dark curse deep branded on his brow!

Therefore, it is with reason that there lies
That strange, sad speculation in thine eyes;
Therefore, thou shrinkest as beneath a storm,
Shrouding the brightness of thine angel form.

THE CARAVAN.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

Amid the world's Sahara, by the path
Of doleful years that no man can retrace,
The human Caravan toils slowly on,
Quenching its thirst with bloody sweat alone.
The lion roars—the tempest raves—and still
(No tower, or dome, or minaret in sight)
Forward the dim horizon seems to fly.
High o'er our heads the vulture scents his prey—
His ghastly shadow is our only shade—
While on we stagger, till our languid eyes
Fall on a far-off lonely spot of green,
A grove of cypress, dotted with white stones.

God in his mercy on the sands of Time
Hath dropped one oasis—the Cemet'ry.
Lie down poor, breathless pilgrims, sleep at last!

FAME AND LOVE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

When, dearest, thou dost speak of Fame,
With bitterness I smile—
That phantom—a delusive name—
Shall me no more beguile.

Fame passes quickly from our ken,
Pale Envy's blazing brands
Spare its white statue only when
Beside a tomb it stands.

Earth's so-called happiness takes wing,
Imperial power decays:
Love, noiseless love, alone can bring
True solace to our days.

I ask no blessings here below,
Except thy smile and song:
Air, sunshine, shade, the flowers that blow,
To all mankind belong.

When from thy presence sundered far,
In joy or sorrow's hour,
I miss thy glance alone, my Star,
Thy fragrance, O my Flower!

Beneath the lids that veil thine eyes
Illumined from above,
A universe of feeling lies,
I seek for nought but love.

My soul, that Poesy inspires,
With thoughts to man unknown
Could fill the world—yet it desires
To fill thy heart alone.

Oh, smile and sing! my ecstasy
Transcends Elysian joys,
What matters now yon crowd to me
With all its roaring noise?

Too keen at length my rapture seems,
And so, to cause its flight,
I call before me in my dreams
The poets' forms of light:

But still, regardless of their blame,
I'll love thy soothing songs
More than the stirring trump of Fame,
While Heaven my life prolongs.

And if my name on wings of fire
Should soar to worlds above,
Half of my soul would still desire
To linger here, and love.

Sadly, or pensively at least,
I'll love thee in the shade—
Love's radiance ever seems increased
By dusky twilight's aid.

O Angel with the starry eyes!
O maid, whose tears are sweet!
Take my soul with thee to the skies,
My heart is at thy feet.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE.

(From Théophile Gautier.)

Those marble-lidded eyes unclose,
Wake from thy sleep's angelic trance!
I am the Spectre of a Rose
That decked thy beauty in the dance.
Thy fingers plucked me from my stem
Wet with the dews of yester e'en
And thou didst wear me, like a gem,
Amid th ball-room's dazzling scene.

My life's brief summer thou didst blight—
My ghost away thou canst not chase:
'Twill flit untiring all the night
Around thy softly-pillowed face.
I claim no masses for my death,
No *De Profundis* slowly waisted:
My spirit is a fragrant breath
From Paradise itself exhaled.

Torn from the world, I did not sigh,
Nor could thy fondest lovers crave
A happier death than mine to die—
Thy snow-white bosom was my grave:
And on that alabaster tomb
A Poet wrote, with loving kiss:
"Here lies a Rose, whose early doom
E'en kings might envy for its bliss!"

COQUETRY.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

O women, fated to beguile,
Your spells we all confess:
Ye can elate us with a smile,
Or with a frown depress.

Two words, a scornful glance, or e'en
The silence that ignores,
Can stab, as with a dagger keen,
The fool who still adores;

And, thanks to man, that craven hound,
Your plaything and your prey,
Nought but your frailty can be found
To match your boundless sway,

But when the lust of power has grown
Too rank, that power must die,
And thus your slaves at length disown
Their thraldom with a sigh.

Their fate, though pitiful to see,
Is still more blest than yours—
You torture—I would sooner be
The victim that endures!

SONG.

(From Victor Hugo.)

My songs, poor ephemeral things,
 Would fly to thy garden so fair,
 If they had but the tremulous wings
 That speed the light bird through the air.

Like fire-sparks that gaily up-spring,
 They would fly to thy welcoming hearth,
 If they had but the venturesome wing,
 That lifts thought afar from the earth.

Night and day, they would faithfully bring
 Sweet messages, dearest to thee,
 If they had but Love's butterfly wing,
 To waft them o'er land and o'er sea.

THE GENTLEMEN CRICKETERS' TEAM.

(Respectfully dedicated to its subject.)

I've a toast to propose you—so, Gentlemen, hand on
 The Mumm, and the Cliquot, the Moet and Chandon:
 The toast that I offer with pleasure extreme
 Is the health of "The Gentlemen Cricketers' Team."

And first, here's the health of their Captain, Fitzgerald,
 Whose time-honoured name stands in need of no herald:
 All know that he manages matches as well
 As a match-making mother, with daughters to sell.

A song written on the occasion of a banquet given in 1872 to the twelve English cricketing "apostles" as they were called. The lines were written in a great hurry and the only reason they are worthy of being preserved is, that they contain the names of all the Britishers, and were printed at their request.

Next, here's to the Chief of the ball-driving race,
A Giant in cricket as well as a Grace:
Bat, bowler, or field, in himself he's a host,
All round, the best player that Britain can boast.

Here's to Hornby, who bears the *cognomen* of
"Monkey,"
All muscle and nerve—never feeble or funky—
For pluck, skill and strength, he is hard to be beaten
By picked men from Winchester, Harrow or Eton!

Here's the left-handed bowler—that Lancashire swell,
Whom Ottawa batsmen remember so well—
He bowled a whole innings (and bowled like great guns)
In *Apple-pie* order for—only three runs!

And here's to his *confrère*, spectacular Rose,
A rather quick bowler of dangerous "slows:"
And now to the Lubbocks, a brave pair of brothers,
Who rank with the Graces, the Walkers and others.

Next, here's to four stars of the Oxford Eleven
(With all due respect for the home-keeping seven),
Here's to Harris and Ottaway, Francis and Hadow,
May Time ne'er decrease his Herculean shadow!

Here's to Pickering lastly—his name is enough
To prove that he's made of good cricketing stuff—
Warm welcome, I'm sure, he will ever be shewn
For the sake of his Uncle, as well as his own!

So, here's to them singly, or taken together—
A finer set never yet hunted the leather—
Once more, then, I pledge you, with pleasure extreme,
The health of "The Gentlemen Cricketers' Team."

FLOWERS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

(Callimachus.)

To fair Ione Callignotus swore
None but herself to cherish or adore.
But men say truly that the Gods above
Laugh at the reckless perjuries of love—
See—the false boy to other lips has flown,
While fond Ione waits and weeps alone!

THE CLINGING VINE.

(Antipater of Sidon.)

A vine o'er me, a withered plane, hath grown,
And shrouds my limbs with foliage not their own,
Grateful—because my boughs, once verdant, trained
Her tender shoots, her clustering grapes sustained.
So choose, fond boy, a partner like the vine,
Whose love around thee, e'en in death, may twine.

ON A PHYSICIAN.

(Nicarchus.)

Ten of Alexis' patients once were ill:
To three a draught, to two he gave a pill,
And five he blistered. Well, what followed then?
One night, one grave, one Hades for the ten!

THE MIRROR OF LAIS.

(Plato.)

I, Lais, once of Hellas the delight,
To Venus consecrate my mirror bright.
What I am now, I do not care to see—
What I was once, I ne'er again can be!

FLOWERS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY 181

A DEAD CHILD.

(Lucanus.)

Five years alone had vanished since my bi...
When ruthless Plato snatched me from the earth.
Mourn not my fate; for, if my life was brief,
I learnt but little of life's sins and grief.

XERXES AND LEONIDAS.

(Philipus Thessalicensis.)

Ere brave Leonidas had breathed his last,
A purple cloak around him Xerxes cast.
The warrior cried: "Thine honours I reject—
Stretched on my shield, my corse is amply decked.
No Persian I—to Hades I will go,
Sparta's true son, in life and death, thy foe."

Thou art not dead, but thou hast sought a calmer place
of rest,
Sweet Prote, thou art blooming in the Islands of the
Blessed
And dancest o'er Elysian plains in quiet, holy mirth
Culling soft flowerets, far away from all the woes of
earth!
Thou dost not faint with summer-heat, nor shrink
beneath the storm,
No thirst, no hunger, no disease can mar thy gentle
form,
For mortal life thou dost not sigh: enshrined in cloud-
less light
Thou wand'rest by the Heavenly Hill, a virgin pure
and bright.

INSCRIPTION ON A TOMB.

(Author unknown.)

I seek, Sabinus, by this little stone
Great love for thee, departed friend to own:
My love will last—thy love for me to show,
Drink not of Lethe in the realms below.

ON VENUS ARISING FROM THE SEA.

(Antipater, of Sidon.)

Charm'd by Apelles' magic, here thine eyes
May view sweet Venus from the waves arise.
Twin'd in her hair, her glowing fingers press
The dews of ocean from each dripping tress—
So fair, that Juno's self and Pallas sigh,
With thee 'twere vain in loveliness to vie."

THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

(Antipater, of Sidon.)

Small is the chapel where I make my home.
Queen of these shores all white with ocean foam,
But still 'tis dear: my presence calms the waves,
And oft the mariner from shipwreck saves.
Pay court to Venus—she will succour thee,
In love's wild storms, or on the raging sea.

THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

(Ayté.)

Fair Aphrodite, from this marble fare
Delights to gaze upon the glassy main,
Smoothing the sailor's pathway—while the deep
Beholds her image, and is lull'd asleep.

FLOWERS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY 183

DISCONTENTED.

(Author unknown.)

Poor, when a boy, but opulent, when old,
Twice have I suffer'd misery untold:
Wealth, when I could have used it, I had none—
I have it now, when life is nearly done!

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

(Polemon.)

Sweet Cupid! kill my power to love,
Unless I'm loved again;
Thus, free from passion I shall prove,
Or share the blissful pain.

A LAMENT.

(Callimachus.)

The gentle maids of Samos' isle
Miss their sweet fellow-weavers' smile:
For Crethis oft with prattle gay
Would while the hours of toil away,
But now she sleeps beyond recall,
The sleep that must be slept by all!

ON THE STATUE OF A BACCHANTE.

(Author unknown.)

Restrain that Bacchante! ere the marble maid
Leaps from the shrine, and seeks the forest glade.

ON THE PICTURE OF VENUS BY APELLES.

(Julian of Egypt.)

Stand back! while Venus quits her ocean home,
Or her wet locks will sprinkle thee with foam.

LOVE AND WINE.

(Rufinus.)

Love, by himself, I can defy,
With Reason for my shield:
When Bacchus fights as Love's ally
To two such Gods I yield.

THE ZONE OF VENUS

(Antiphanes, of Macedonia.)

When Venus loosed the cestus of desire
From her white breast, the love-compelling zone
Was lent thee, Ino, all mankind to fire—
But thou hast used it against me alone!

THE STUDENT'S WIFE.

(From "Les Contemplations" of Victor Hugo.)

She said, "It is true, love; how foolish my sighs!
It is true that the hours pass enchantingly so;
You are here, and I gaze unreproved on your eyes,
Where I trace all your thoughts as they come and
they go.

"To see you is bliss; bliss to me incomplete;
Don't fancy I murmur at all at my lot;
I watch that nought irksome invades your retreat,
For I know what you love, dear, and what you do
not.

"In a corner I nestle most wondrously small,
For you are my lion, and I am your dove;
I pick up your pens should they happen to fall,
And the soft rustling sound of your papers I love.

"No doubt I possess you; I see you no doubt,
Still, thought is a wine with which dreamers
get drunk;
You should dream but of me; I have reason to
pout
When each eve in old books your whole being
is sunk.

"There's a shade in my loving heart's inmost recess,
When you ne'er raise your head, never speak, never
smile,
And I never can see you completely, unless
You look at me sometimes yourself for a while!"

SONG.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

I said to my heart, to my restless heart:
"Love one—one only—nor seek to part:
"The love that wanders from flower to flower
"Wastes in stray fancies each blissful hour."

But my heart replied: "For my Paradise
 "Eve's self—Eve only—would scarce suffice:
 "To change one's love with the changing year
 "But makes the joys of the Past more dear."

I said to my heart, to my wayward heart:
 "What charm can lie in each varied smart?
 "The love that ever delights to range
 "But finds fresh sorrow in each fresh change."

But my heart replied to me: "Manhood scorns
 "To pluck sweet roses devoid of thorns:
 "To change one's love with the changing year
 "But makes the pains of the Past more dear!"

THE TOILET OF CONSTANCE.

(From the ballad of Casimir Delavigne, as abbreviated by Ruskin, in
 Vol. III. of his "Modern Painters.")

"Haste, Anna! Did you hear me call?
 My mirror, quick! The hours advance:
 To-night I'm going to the Ball
 At the Ambassador's of France.
 Just think—those bows were fresh and fair
 Last eve—ah! beauty fades apace:
 See, from the net that binds my hair
 The azure tassels droop with grace.
 Your hands are awkward, girl, to-night—
 These sapphires well become my brow:
 A pin has pricked me—set it right—
 Dear Anna, I look charming now!
 He, whom my fancy has beguiled

(Anna, my robe!) will be a guest—
(Fie, fie! that's not my necklace, child!
Those beads the Holy Father blest).
Oh! should his hand my fingers press
(At the mere thought I tremble, dear),
To-morrow, should I dare confess
The truth in Père Anselmo's ear?
Give me my gloves—now, all is well—
In the tall glass one final glance—
To-night, I long to be the *belle*
At the Ambassador's of France."

Close to the hearth she stood and gazed:
O God! a spark ignites her dress—
"Fire! Help!" When every hope was raised,
How sad such death for loveliness!
The flame voluptuously gnaws
Her arms—her breast—around—above—
And swallows with unpitying jaws
Her eighteen years, her dreams of love!
Farewell to all youth's visions gay!
They only said: "Ah! poor Constance!"
And waltzed until the dawn of day
At the Ambassador's of France.

LE MONDE EST MÉCHANT.

(From Théophile Gautier.)

The world is malevolent, dear,
And it says, with a cynical sneer,
That your bosom conceals, ma petite,
A watch, where a heart ought to beat!

Still, your breast, when emotion entrails,
Like a wave ever rises and falls,
With the ebb and the flow of the tide,
That o'er your young body doth glide.

The world has maliciously said
That your eyes, full of passion, are dead,
And revolve in their orbits on springs,
Like patent, mechanical things!

Still, ofttimes a crystalline tear
On your eye-lashes trembles, my dear,
Like a pearl-drop of luminous dew
That clings to some violet blue.

The world is malicious—it swears
That your brain is as light as a hare's,
And that sonnets composed for your ear
Are riddles in Greek to you, dear!

Still, oft on your lips that unclose
Like the leaves of an exquisite rose,
A subtle, intelligent smile
Alights, like a bee, for a while.

'Tis because you are fond of me, dear,
That the world in your case is severe;
Discard me—and then they will say
What feeling and wit you display!

THE BALLAD OF JEAN RENAUD.

This popular song of Valois may be found at p. 158 of "Les Filles Du Feu" by Gérard de Nerval: and also at p. 77 of the same writer's "La Bohème Galante." It begins as follows:—

Quand Jean Renaud de la guerre revint,
Il en revint triste et chagrin;
" Bonjour, ma mère," " Bonjour, mons fils!
" Ta femme est accouchée d'un petit," etc.

Back from the war came Jean Renaud—
His face was dark with a secret woe!

" Good-day, my Mother;" " Good-day, my Son,
" Thy wife hath borne thee a little one."

" Go in, my Mother, go in," he said,
" Bid them prepare me a fair white bed;

" And let them silently serve my need,
" So that my wife may pay no heed."

When midnight's hour was drawing nigh,
Jean Renaud breathed his latest sigh!

" Ici," in the words of Nerval, " la scène de la ballade change et se trans-
porte dans la chambre de l'accouchée:—

" Prythee, tell me, my Mother dear,
" What is the wailing that now I hear?"

" It is the bairns in the room beneath;
" They cry because of their aching teeth."

" But prythee, tell me, my Mother dear,
" What knocking and nailing now I hear?"

" It is the carpenter—nothing more—
" Busily mending a plank i' the floor."

" But prythee, tell me, my Mother dear,
" What is the singing that now I hear? "

" 'Tis some procession, my child, I wot,
" That chants while passing around our cot."

" But prythee, tell me, my Mother dear,
" Why from thine eyelid there drops a tear? "

" Alas! the truth I no more can hide,—
" Jean Renaud in this house hath died."

" My Mother, haste to the sexton old—
" Let him dig a grave for two i' the mould,

" And let the pit be wide and deep,
" My baby also therein shall sleep! "

THE CID AND THE JEW.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

The Cid, stern victor in each fight,
Hero, of more than mortal height,
In the grand church of San Pedro
('Twas Don Alfonso will'd it so)
Embalmed, and seemingly not dead,
Clad in bright steel, and helmeted,
Sits rooted to a stately chair
Raised on a tomb of sculpture rare.

THE CID AND THE JE'V

III

Like a white cloth, his beard of snow
His coat of mail doth overflow,
While to defend him, at this side
Hangs Tisona, his boast and pride,
The polished and elastic blade
That Moor and Christian oft dismay'd.
Thus seated—dead—he seems to keep
The semblance of a man asleep:
Thus for seven years he hath repos'd
Since death his life of daring closed,
And, on a certain day, each year,
Crowds gaze upon his corpse in fear.

Once, when all visitors had gone,
And the great Cid was left alone
In the broad nave with God—a Jew
Nigh to the sleeping champion drew,
And thus he spake: "Here sits the frame
Of one whom men still dread to name.
'Tis said the strongest warriors feared
Even to touch his grizzled beard:
Here now he resteth, mute and cold,
His arms, which scattered foe of old,
Hang stiffened by the hand of death.
Lo! since he hath no longer breath,
Myself will stroke his beard of snow—
I wot the mummy will not know,
And none are present to forbid
My laying hands upon the Cid."

With no presentiment of harm
The sordid Jew outstretched his arm:

But, ere that snowy beard could be
Soiled by his mad impiety,
The Cid from out his scabbard drew
Three feet of steel that dazed the view.
Scared by the ghastly miracle
Prone on the tomb the Hebrew fell:
And when good monks, at close of day
Had borne his palsied limbs away,
He told them his adventure strange,
And vowed a graceless life to change.
Soon he abjured his faith, and then
Entered a convent's gloom. Amen.

TRANSLATION OF M. FRECHETTE'S
WELCOME TO MARK TWAIN.

Come, sing, my Muse, our honoured Guest—
Before the toasts are started—
Of all philosophers the best,
Because the lightest hearted.

He well deserves a golden rhyme
To-night, and oft hereafter,
Who roused, while laughing at his time,
Its sympathetic laughter.

Life's dearest charm in laughter lies,
And, if this creed were common,
The universe would scarce comprise
A sulky man or woman.

To laugh is man's divinest art:
And—loud, or gayly chaffing—
The truest echo from the heart
Of either sex is—laughing.

Let us then banish from our feast
All thoughts of melancholy,
And glorify the quaint high priest
Of fancy, fun and folly.

Thy health, Mark Twain! Of wits like thee
I would there were a few more,
To temper subtle French *esprit*
With fine old English humour!

LORD ROBERTS.

He came, he saw, he conquered; though his heart
Bled for his only son in battle slain
God's pity aided him to play his part,
And gave him glory to console his pain.

Tears we accord him in his grief,
Cheers for each triumph won,
England will ne'er forget her chief
Who sorrows for his son.

Dense clouds of darkness overcast the sky
When, sad but stern, the grey-haired warrior came,
Scathed the rude foe like lightning from on high,
And blotted out the old Majuba's shame.

Great God of hosts! protect our champion's life,
 Save him, O Lord, fresh laurels still to glean,
 And keep the memory of his valour green.
 Crown him as Victor in the deadly strife
 The idol of his country and his Queen.

THE STREAMLET.

(From Théophile Gauthier.)

A thread-like stream, that had its source
 In lonely haunts beside a lake,
 Exultingly began its course,
 Resolved far pilgrimage to make.

Softly it murmured: "What delight!
 Forth from the under-world I leap,
 And in my wavelets' mirror bright
 The golden clouds reflected sleep.

"The blue-eyed myosotis sighs
 'Forget me not, when far away;'
 And sunlit wings of dragon-flies
 Upon my dimpled surface play.

"The wild birds from my crystal sip,
 And when my stream hath onward roll'd
 A few short years, perchance 'twill lip
 Green vales, and rocks, and castles old.

"The foaming of my restless tide
 Shall fringe stone bridge, and granite quay,
 While steamships on my bosom ride
 Down to the everlasting sea!"

THE EAGLE AND THE KINGS

195

The new-born till, with prattling glee,
Dared the dim future thus to paint,
And, like some geyser, strove to free
Her eager waters from restraint.

But oft the giant dies a child—
The cradle borders on the tomb—
And thus—the stream that lately smiled
Died in the lake's engulfing gloom!

THE EAGLE AND THE KINGS.

(From Victor Hugo.)

An eagle sought the desert's spring beside
A lion's cave:
Meanwhile, two Kings (God willed it so), espied
The sparkling wave.

Beneath tall palms, where pilgrims quench their drought
Fresh strength to gain,
These Kings, sworn foemen, fought their duel out
Till both were slain.

The eagle hovered o'er each lifeless brow,
And, mocking, said:
"Ye found the universe too small, and now
Your souls have fled!"

O Princes, lately jubilant! your bones
To-morrow must
Be mixed with indistinguishable stones
Amid the dust!

Ye fools! what gained ye by your savage feud?
 Behold, the end!
 I, the proud eagle, haunt this solitude—
 The lion's friend.

From the same spring we drink, each morn and eve—
 Kings, he and I:
 Hill, dale, and forest depths to him I leave,
 And keep the sky."

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

(From the German of Heine.)

I.

The mother stood at her lattice,
 The son lay on his bed;
 "Come, gaze at the holy pilgrims,
 Wilhelm, arise," she said.

"I am so ill, my mother,
 I scarce can see or hear;
 On my dead Margaret musing,
 My heart, alas! is drear."

"Arise, we will go to Kevlaar,
 The book and rosary take;
 The Mother of God will heal thee,
 Thy poor heart must not break."

The pilgrims wave church banners,
 And chant in a solemn tone;
 And so the procession passes
 Through the Rhenish town, Cologne.

In the crowd the mother follows—
She leads her son, and he
Joins with her in the chanting,
"Blessed be thou, Mari!"

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar
Is dazzlingly arrayed:
To-day she is busy healing
The sick who have sought her aid.

They lay their many offerings
Before her shrine in prayer—
Limbs, feet and hands all modelled
In wax-work clean and fair.

And whoso a wax hand offers
Is cured, if his hand is maimed,
While he who a wax foot bringeth
Is healed, though his foot is lamed.

But the mother took a taper,
And fashioned thereof a heart;
"Take that to the Holy Virgin,
And she will ease thy smart."

The son knelt down to the Virgin,
And offered the heart with sighs;
A prayer broke forth from his spirit
And tears broke forth from his eyes:

"O Virgin, Queen of Heaven,
Thou pure and holy maid,

To thee I breathe my sorrows
For thou my woe canst aid.

I dwelt with my tender mother
In the Rhenish town, Cologne,
That many hundred churches
And chapels fair doth own.

And near us dwelt my Margaret,
But dead she lieth now;
A waxen heart I bring thee,
My wounded heart heal thou!

Heal thou my heart that is broken,
And, singing fervently,
I will pray both late and early,
Blessed be thou, Marie!"

III.

The sick son and his mother
Slept in a lowly room,
When lo! the Virgin lightly
Stepped inwards through the gloom.

She bent above the sick man,
And on his heart did lay
Her gentle fingers softly,
And smiled and went away.

The mother saw in a vision
What happened in the dark,
And wakened from her slumber
For the dogs did loudly bark.

Her son lay stretch'd before her,
And the light of morning red
Fell on his cold, pale features;
The breath of life had fled!

Then her hands the mother folded,
She felt, she scarce knew how;
And she whispered low, devoutly,
"O Mary, blest be thou!"

THE LEAF.

(Vincent Antoine Arnault, 1815.)

"Severed from thy native bough,
Whither art thou wandering now,
Poor sere leaf?" "I do not know.
When the oak, alas! too frail,
Crashed beneath the tempest's blow,
I was borne by breeze or gale,
Fluttering through the sun and rain:
And at random still I sail
From the mountain to the vale,
From the forest to the plain.
Murmuring now no timid wail,
With the wind I drift away
Whither all that's earthly goes;
Where the leaflet of the rose
Moulders with the leaf of bay!"

An allegory addressed to Queen Hortense, a fugitive after the fall of Napoleon I.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S CURTAIN.

(From Alfred de Musset.)

My charming neighbour's curtain
Is moving, I declare:
She's coming—I feel certain—
To woo the evening air.

She wishes to discover,
(Oh how my heart doth beat!)
If I her well-dressed lover
Am watching in the street.

Alas! I am mistaken—
She loves a country lout—
And if her curtain's shaken
'Tis by the wind, no doubt!

THE STRIKE OF THE SMITHS.

(Translated from the French of François Coppée.)

Messieurs les juges! my story shall be brief.
 'Tis this: the foundrymen were out on strike—
 It was their right. The winter had been hard,
 And men were tired of keeping endless Lent.
 One Saturday—the evening of our pay—
 Some comrades led me gently by the arm
 Into a wineshop. There, my oldest mates—
 I still refuse to give the Court their names—
 Spoke thus: "Père Jean, it seems we have no pluck:
 We want more wages, or we work no more.
 They grind us down; it is our last resource.
 We choose you, therefore, as the oldest hand,
 To warn the Master—but with no big words—
 That, if our pay henceforward be not raised,
 Each day will be Saint Monday in the works.
 Père Jean! are you our man?" I answered, "Yes!
 If I can serve you in your need, I will."

I am no communist, mon président,
 But an old, peaceful man, with no great faith
 In the spruce black-coats that control a strike:

(In one of Alfred Manier's letters from Paris to "The Bookman" (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co.), he writes as follows: "Coppée's 'Grève des Forgerons,' perhaps his best poem, has just had a very curious rendering. You know that it is a narrative made by a striking blacksmith—of how he committed a murder during the strike. Jules Claretie has had Mouret Sully recite it on the stage of the Théâtre Français. The stage represents the 'Cour d'Assises'; the judges are there, the jurymen, gendarmes, and everything else, so as to make the court scene as realistic as possible, and Mouret Sully, in the dock, gives his story to the jurymen. It was a very interesting performance."

There was a fine picture of the murder, or, to speak more justly, the duel, exhibited in Paris several years ago: and an engraving of it struck my fancy so powerfully, that I determined to endeavour to translate the French poet's dramatic monologue into English blank verse. I believe that the attempt—a rather daring one—has never been made before, and I submit my humble version of it with considerable diffidence.

Still, it may be I could not well refuse.
So, pledged to act, I sought the Master's house,
And found him dining. Having made my bow,
I told him squarely how we all were pinched
By cost of food and lodging, and I showed
Things could not last so. Then I figured out
His gains and ours, and proved with due respect
It could not ruin him to raise our pay.
He listened calmly, while he cracked some nuts,
And said at last: "Père Jean, I see you are
An honest man, and they who chose you knew
What they were doing when they sent you here.
For you there always shall be work and pay,
But their demands woudl cripple me at once:
I close the works to-morrow. All who join
In lawless strikes are good-for-nothing drones.
'Tis my last word, and you can tell them so."
I answered: "It is well, sir," and withdrew
With heavy heart and carried to my mates
The Master's answer, as I promised him.
Wild tumult followed—anarchy—revolt—
Then, with one voice, they pledged themselves to
strike,
And I too, like my fellows, took the oath.

Oh! more than one, that evening, as he flung
On a bare table all his scanty hire,
Felt, I will warrant, anything but gay,
And failed to close his eyelids, when he thought
That, since his wages ended with his work,
He soon must learn the lesson how to fast!
For me the blow was crushing: I am old,

And not alone. That night, on reaching home,
I took my little grandsons on my knees—
My daughter died in child-birth, and her man
Went to the dogs—I looked upon the two
Small mouths that soon must hunger, and I blushed
For having rashly sworn to join the strike.
Still, I was not worse stranded than the rest,
And, as we workmen scorn to break an oath,
I vowed to do my duty by the craft.
My poor old wife now entered. She was bowed
Beneath a bale of linen, newly washed,
And, when with faltering tongue I broke the news,
Poor thing! she had not heart enough to scold,
But stood long time in silence, with her eyes
Fixed on the floor. At length she said: "My man,
Thou know'st that I am thrifty, and will do
All that a woman can. But times are hard,
And we have bread for barely two weeks more."
I answered: "Things will soon come right again."
Though well I knew, that, short of playing false,
I could do nothing, and that those on strike,
Sworn to maintain it to the bitter end,
Would make short work of men who sold the cause.

Soon came our troubles. O mes juges, mes juges!
You may believe that when our cup of woes
Was full, I never could become a thief,
But must have died of horror at the thought:
Nor do I claim one jot of praise is due
E'en to the hopeless wretch, who, morn and eve,
Is forced to stare disaster in the face,
For never harbouring a guilty thought.

Still, when the winter pierced us to the bone
With icy fangs, and when my honest gaze
Dwelt on those living challenges to sin--
My hungry grandsons, and heroic wife—
And watched them shivering by a fireless grate;
Despite those wailing babes and careworn wife,
Despite that terrible and freezing group,
Never—I swear by Christ the Crucified—
E'en for a moment did my clouded brain
Conceive the thought of theft—that shameless act,
When the eye watches, and the fingers clutch!

Alas! if now my pride is broken down,
If now I bend before you—if I weep—
'Tis that I see again the three of whom
I spake, for whom I did what I have done.

At first we lived as we were forced to live.
We ate dry bread, and pawned our little all.
I suffered much. To men like us a room
Seems a barred cage, from which we long to flee.
Look you—since then I've had a taste of gaol,
And, truth to tell, I've found them much alike.

But to do nothing is a hell on earth;
Let those that doubt it have their arms tied down
By strong necessity—they soon will learn
Why men must work, and why the atmosphere
Of file and fire is what mechanics love.

Two weeks had pass'd and not a sou was left.
Meanwhile I walked, like one whose brain is crazed,
Alone 'mid crowds straight onwards—for the roar
Of a big city seems to silence thought,

And deadens hunger better far than wine,
But once, on reaching home—'twas at the close
Of a dull, raw December afternoon—
I found my helpmate crouching on the floor,
With the two babies strained against her breast,
And while I thought, 'Tis I am murdering them
She meekly spake, like one confused with shame:
"My poor, dear man! the pawn-shop has refused
This worn-out mattress—all we have on earth—
And now I know not where to look for bread!"
"Wait!" I replied; and brought, at last, to bay,
Vowed at all hazards to go back to work.
Then, though mistrustful of my welcome there,
I sought the wineshop, a repulsive haunt
That harboured all the leaders of the strike.
I raised the latch—methought it was a dream—
While others starved, those men were drinking hard!
Yes, drinking! May the Board that paid the wine,
And thus prolonged our hideous martyrdom,
Hear the loud curses of an old man's tongue.
I faced the topers, and when once they marked
My frowning forehead and tear-reddened eyes,
They guessed, no doubt, the reason why I came.
Their looks were sullen, and their greeting cold,
Nathless I spake: "I come to tell you this:
I am sixty, past—my wife is also old—
Two helpless babes are left upon my hands,
And from the garret where we starve, each stick
Of furniture is sold—we have no bread.
A bed within a hospital (my corpse
Would be a prize for students to dissect)

Is for a beggar like myself enough.
But for my wife and darlings it is not!
So, for their sakes, I must return to work.
But first I crave your license for the act,
Lest slander's tongue should slaver o'er my name.
Behold! my hair is white, my hands are black:
I have toiled hard for more than forty years:
Let me go back to earn our daily bread!
I tried to beg—I could not—my old age
Is my excuse. The man upon whose brow
The constant wielding of a hammer's weight
Has graved deep furrows, hard to be effaced,
Cuts a poor figure, when to passers-by
He holds for alms a hand that still is strong.
With my two hands I pray you! 'Tis but fit
That I the oldest should be first to yield.
Let me go back again, alone, to work;
You hear—now tell me if you grant me leave."

Then, from that crowd of drinkers one advanced
Three steps, and called me "Coward!" to my face.
My heart grew cold—blood mounted to my eyes—
I looked at him who spake the taunting word,
A tall, slim stripling, pale beneath the gas,
A shameless dancer at the Faubourg balls.
With love-locks on his temples like a girl.
He grinned, and mocked me with malicious eyes:
The rest kept silence—silence so profound
That I could hear the throbbing of my heart.
I clasped my forehead in my hands, and cried:
"My wife and darlings, then, it seems must die.
So be it, and I will not go to work."

But thou, I swear, shalt answer for thy taunt,
And we, like grander folks, will fight it out.
"My time?" At once! "My arms?" I have the
choice!

The heaviest hammers best will serve our turn,
Light in our hands as any sword or pen,
And you, my mates, must second each of us.
Quick! form a ring, and search yon corners well
For two good iron sledges, red with rust.
And thou, vile scorner of an old man! doff
Thy blouse and shirt, and spit upon thy hand!"

Foaming with rage, I elbowed through the crowd
A path, and in a corner of the walls
Picked out two hammers from a clustered heap.
Then, having weighed them at a glance, I flung
The heaviest tool at my insulter's feet.
He still kept grinning, but he seized the shaft
Armed at all hazards, standing on defence,
And cried: "Old fellow! don't be spiteful now!"
I deigned no answer, but drew near the wretch,
And, while I teased him with my honest eyes,
In rapid circles round my head I whirled
The trusty sledge—a deadly weapon now.

Ne'er had a cur, that cowers beneath the lash,
Within his haggard and imploring eyes
So base a look of supplicating fear,
As that which I detected in the glance
Of the foul craven, who recoiled, aghast,
And propped his back against the filthy wall.
Too late, alas! too late—a mist of blood,
A crimson veil seemed drawn between my eyes

And that pale caitiff, palsied with affright—
And with a sin'le blow I crushed his skull!
I know 'twas murder, and I own my guilt;
I want no advocate to fence with words,
And foist the name of duel on a crime.
Dead, at my feet, with oozing brains he lay;
And, as a man who on a sudden feels
All the immensity of Cain's remorse,
I stood there, shrouding both my eyes from view.
At length, some shuddering comrades sidled up,
And would have seized me, but I shook them off,
And cried: "Let go! I doom myself to death!"
They understood. Then, taking off my cap,
I passed it to them, like the bag in church:
" 'Tis for the wife and little ones, my friends!"
That brought ten francs, of which a chum took care,
And then I went, and gave myself in charge.

Thus you have heard the plain, unvarnished tale
Of my great crime, and need not pay much heed
To what the glib-tongued advocates may say.
If I have dwelt on pitiful details,
'Twas but to prove what horrors may result
From a foredoomed concurrence of events.
My helpless babes are in the hospital.
Where sorrow killed my brave, long-suffering wife.
Whate'er my fate—the galleys or the gaol,
Or even pardon—matters little now:
And if you send me to the scaffold—thanks!

WHEN CHILDREN SLEEP.

(From the French of Leon Gautier.)

When cradled by their mothers' side,
The babes repose in slumber deep,
Dream not they constantly abide
On earth while seemingly asleep.

Ah! no; at times the angels come
And bear them in their arms away,
Far off to Heav'n—their fitting home—
And teach the darlings how to play.

And when the mother's loving eyes
Between the snowy curtains peep,
To watch the baby as he lies
At midnight, wrapt in balmy sleep:

The angels swiftly downward go
To lay him in his dainty cot,
And near the cradle whisper low,
Though the fond mother hears them not.

And then the years in rapid flight,
Like dreams of ecstasy pass by,
And half those days of pure delight
Are spent by infants in the sky.

But when alas! sin's lurid stain
Hath tarnished souls so white before
The children bound to earth remain—
Their angels visit them no more.

A THIEF.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Translated from the French of Louis Fréchette.)

'Twas a bleak winter—numbers of the poor
Heard the wolf Hunger howling at their door.
The winds blew colder, and there was a dearth
Of Christmas logs on many a cheerless hearth;
And the child Jesus, too, perchance would slight
The small patched shoes laid out for gifts at night.

Christmas!—The lamps illuminated every street,
And on the pavements, crusted o'er with sleet,
A busy multitude besieged the doors
Of countless tempting, treasure-laden stores,
Where, by deft hands arranged,--a gorgeous sight—
Wares of all colours shimmered in the light.
Gay laughter floated round: the sparkling rime
Beneath each footfall almost seemed to chime;
And all seemed bathed in opalescent dyes.

There, for a moment, my inquiring eyes
Fell on a pale and feeble-bodied lad,
Who strayed along, and shivered, thinly clad.
His looks devoured the luminous display
Of gilded nothings, which appear so gay
Before our hearts are cold, and hard, and dry.
The frail "street Arab" seemed in ecstasy

I was myself engaged to buy some toys,
Or graceful trifles, that each child enjoys,
And each fond parent gives on such a day,

When, all at once, I heard, with some dismay,
Cries of: "Stop thief! Police! Arrest the child!"
Then the inexorable crowd grew wild,
And seized the culprit. 'Twas the same poor lad
Whom I had seen—now more than doubly sad!—
Grabbed by a "cop," and panting hard for breath—
By the hoarse shouting frightened half to death—
While his numbed hand, unused to stealing, tried
With awkward haste beneath his rags to hide
A small, stiff doll, elaborately drest.
The thief was captured.

By grave thoughts opprest,
I went my way; and when I reached my home
I kissed my children. But my heart would roam
Throughout the evening—why, I scarce can tell—
To the pale boy locked up within a cell.
When midnight came, I left my bed in haste,
And in each shoe my stealthy tribute placed:
But still I saw (his cough was harsh and loud)
A ragged child above a show-case bowed;
I saw him—eagerly, but ill at ease—
Stretch his chilled hand the luring prize to seize;
I saw him ope his tatters, that he might
Conceal his booty, and then take to flight.
Next, the police, the dock, the jail, and last
The shame and sorrow on his parents cast!
An orphan, maybe—'twas his first disgrace?—
I felt keen pity for the poor child's case;
And thus, although not loving the resort,
Next day I entered the Recorder's Court.

Between some tramps and women of the town,
The boy stood there, with tearful eyes cast down.
His story, short and sad. His only friends
Were those the law reluctantly defends—
That disinherited and hopeless class
Who have no bread, and nothing else, alas!
But their brave spirit to support their fate.
Three years before this last misfortune's date,
The orphan's sire, struck headlong by a bale
On board a harboured brig, about to sail,
Had fallen lifeless in the vessel's hold.
Then his poor mother—so the outcast told—
Had toiled incessantly their food to get,
While he himself had tried to pay his debt,
Tending his little sister well, whene'er
Some outside labour claimed his mother's care.
Soon came the sister's illness, and in turn
He struggled hard their livelihood to earn,
Pitying his mother, who, with patience mild,
Watched by the bedside of her dying child.
That fatal evening, having seen her weep
For Christmas gifts that come when children sleep,
He left the house, and begged, alas! in vain,
For some small present to console her pain.
"It was for her, your Honour!—nigh to death—
I stole the doll," he said with faltering breath:
" 'Tis the first time."

The lad of tender years
Then hid his face, and, bursting into tears,
Sank down, too weak his anguish to control.
And I went out, with pity in my soul
For the poor Magistrates condemned at times
To punish deeds their hearts reject as crimes.

THE MAGIC BOW.

(Translation from Charles Croz.)

Her hair was blond as Autumn wheat,
And downwards, in a golden sheet,
It trailed, until it touched her feet.

In music strange she spake alway,
Like some sweet seraph, or a fay;
And fringed with black, her eyes were gray.

He deigned no rivalry to heed,
When, scouring hill and dale with speed,
He bore her off upon his steed.

She on all suitors in the land
Frowned with disdain—serenely grand—
Until he came and touched her hand.

Her soul by love was so o'erborne,
That, when he smiled with heartless scorn,
She drooped, desponding and forlorn;

And in a last caress she said:
"With my long hair, I pray thee braid
Thy bow to charm some other maid."

Wildly and long she kissed him, e'er
She died. Obedient to her prayer,
His bow he braided with her hair.

Then, like a blind-man who, for pay,
On his Cremona's strings doth play,
He woke a melancholy lay;

And all with ecstasy were filled,
For in each chord the passion thrilled
Of the fond maid his scorn had killed.

The King advanced his fortunes high;
And the brown Queen was lured to fly
With him beneath the moonlit sky.

But, when he bade his music flow
To charm her ears, the fatal bow
Upbraided him with strains of woe.

When the slow dirge no longer plained,
They died—their goal still unattained—
And the dead girl her hair regained;

Her hair, that, blond as Autumn wheat,
Trailed downward in a golden sheet,
Until its tresses touched her feet.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABBÉ PELLE-
GRIN'S "NOËL," 1701.

Dear Infant! tender, new-born child!
How sweet to mortals is Thy love.
Averse to punish, Thou art mild,
As Thy self-sacrifice will prove.
The world hath hope in Thee alone;
'Tis for our sins Thou dost atone,
To stay the wrath of God above.

Oh! how Thy sense of what is just
With rigor for Thyself is armed!

It strikes Thyself, in whom we trust,
And serves Thy God whom man hath harmed.
For, though by clemency inspired,
Thy heart, with indignation fired,
Seems by our sinfulness alarmed.

Alas! no frail created thing
Hails Thee with reverential awe;
In Thee we fail to own our King,
Diviner than the world e'er saw.
Thy Father's self doth animate
The human race to scorn and hate
The very Author of the law.

The rudest season of the year
Doth chill Thee with its wintry blast,
Man for his Master sheds no tear,
Regardless where His lot is cast.
Against the Saviour of the world
The fury of the storm is hurled,
Prophetic of His death at last.

And, notwithstanding all Thy might,
In a rude cradle Thou dost moan,
And hast Thy share of life and light,
Predestined to the tomb, alone,
Alas! that Death itself should seem
Against its Lord and King supreme
To claim unprecedented right.

It is too much, Almighty God!
And we, frail mortals, in our turn,
Ought, since Thy hand hath spared the rod,

For Thee with answering love to yearn.
 Grant that Thy flames of Love divine
 May in our souls hereafter shine
 And through the countless ages burn!

THE BLACK POINT.

(From Gérard de Nerval.)

When to the sun a man hath raised his eye
 Too long, thenceforth he sees persistently
 A floating, livid spot;
 I for one moment madly bent my gaze,
 With youth's audacity, on Glory's blaze,
 The blaze became a blot.

Since then, on all things, melancholy, dark,
 I trace despairingly the spectral mark
 I strive in vain to shun:
 Must it forever on my life intrude?
 Alas! none other than the eagle's brood
 Unblinded face the sun!

PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE.*

The memory of a simple tale,
 Called up from childhood's years,
 With blissful charm that cannot fail
 Compelleth gentle tears.

* (Suggested by Charles Lamb's description of a picture, in which is represented the legend of a poor female saint who, having spun till past midnight to maintain a bed-ridden mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, while angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber an angel is tending a lily, the emblem of purity.)

Yea, though it be a poet's dream,
Pure fantasy, forsooth,
Which cold, clear reason ne'er can deem
 Reality or truth;
Still, when we weep, our spirits are
 Oft sanctified by grief,
For childlike faith is lovelier far
 Than manlike unbelief.

There is a legend of a maid
 Told by the painter's art,
So sweet, so sad, it cannot fade
 Forever from my heart.
Deeply my pity it doth stir
 E'en now with holy spell—
It needeth no interpreter,
 That silent parable.

'Tis midnight: darkness, like a pall,
Hangs o'er a sleeping city's wall—
 Many an iron tongue,
Slave to man's more iron will,
Calling through the air so still
 The self-same chimes hath rung.

And at that hour, when every breast
From life's life-withering toil should rest,
 There sitteth one within
That city's heart—cold heart of stone—
Wearily spinning all alone,
 A maid scarce touched by sin.

She toils within a cheerless room,
A rushlight twinkling through the gloom
 Its dreariness to show:
Poor, pallid maid, for whom this earth
Hath found no dowry since her birth
 Save only want and woe.

Her mother, white as are the dead,
Lies murmuring strangely on a bed,
 As though with death at strife:
Thin fingers clutch the dear-bought food,
Bought at the price of flesh and blood,
 A daughter's fragile life.

And still that maiden spins alone
Within that city's heart of stone,
 And often turns her eye
To watch the lamp of life decay,
Well knowing that its last faint ray
 Must soon in darkness die.

But hark! she speaks: "'Tis sadly strange,
No rest from toil, no sign of change
Save when my mother dies, and she
Is dearer than all else to me.
I grow less earthly day by day—
Why doth the Angel Death delay
His summons that will set me free
From pain and want, and misery?
Hunger and winter's cold at length
Have bowed my feeble body's strength;
The power is lacking now, I feel,
That earned my mother's daily meal.

Would God that from the viewless sky
Some pitying angel-band
Might glide to earth, and swiftly ply
The labours of my hand!
Would that—but oh! the thought is sin—
Seraphs might stoop these threads to spin:
God knows how oft I vigils keep,
God knows—alas! I sleep, I sleep!"

* * * * *

The maiden's prayer was borne to Heaven,
Its rude simplicity forgiven.

* * * * *

Soon were heard quick-rushing pinions;
Angel-bands, with gleaming feet,
Floating down from God's dominions,
Flew to aid that virgin sweet.
See! they fill the lowly room,
Shedding light where all was gloom:
See! their hands perform the task
As the maid presumed to ask:
Toiling, spinning, they rejoice,
And lull the slumberer with their voice.

"Softly sleep, O pious maiden!
Dream-enchanted lie:
Sorely wast thou sorrow-laden,
Deeply didst thou sigh.
Nurst by thee an aged mother,
Near the gate of death,
Fondly cherished by no other,
Drew her fleeting breath.

Clad in robes of spotless beauty,
Lilies of the field,
Burdened by no stress of duty,
Fragrant odour yield.
Maiden, clothed in humble raiment,
Lily of earth's soil!
Thou hast earned a heavenly payment
By thy saintly toil.

Cheeks made pale by ceaseless labour
Wear a sacred hue;
Angels claim thee for a neighbour,
Virgin, pure and true!
Forms, made thin by cold and hunger,
Grow more glorified,
Age-bowed frames seem fairer, younger,
When by suffering tried.

Starving paupers, as they languish,
Are not all alone:
Hearts deep-stung by piercing anguish
Still a guardian own.
Holy poor ones are not friendless—
He who dwells above
Calls them home to glory endless,
Children of His love.

Sleep, then, maiden! God will hear thee
When thou pourest prayer:
Angels now are watching near thee,
Warding off despair."

THE BLIND MAN.

(From Théophile Gautier.)

As haggard as an owl by day,
A blind man through the town doth stray,
While, vaguely groping 'mid the keys,
A dreary flute his fingers tease.

He pipeth antiquated strains
Wherein scant melody remains,
And, like a ghost, with sightless eyes
Where'er his dog may lead him, hies.

For him the noon-day hath no light;
For him, the world is drowned in night;
He hears it roaring, like the fall
Of plunging streams behind a wall.

God knows what dark chimeras vain
Haunt the dim chambers of his brain;
What fantasies inscrutable
Thought writes within his reason's cell!

So oft, half-crazed by want of sleep,
Some captive in a dungeon-keep
With rusty nail obscurely scrawls
Strange hieroglyphics on the walls.

Still, who can tell? Perchance, when Death
Hath quenched Life's taper with his breath,
The blind man's soul, inured to gloom,
Shall see distinctly in the tomb!

À UN PASSANT.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Traveller, who at night, along the echoing street,
 With thine uneasy dog, passest accompanied,
 After the burning day, why onward walkst thou yet ?
 Where leadest thou so late the patient wearied steed ?

Night ! fearest thou not, far from farm house gate ;
 The robbers' warning whistle to his mate ?
 Or those wehr-wolves that near the highway roam,
 Heed not the horses' heels, but stealthily creep,
 And gain thy crupper with a sudden leap ;
 Mingling thy black blood with their fangs' white
 foam ?

Fear, above all, the wildfire's erring lamp,
 That, from the road, may lure thro' marshes damp ;
 And, as it oft had wont, at nightfall gray ;
 Dreaming of cottage warmth and sounds of mirth ;
 And the great logs of welcome, on the hearth ;
 Lead thee towards lights that ever flit away.

Fear, lest thou meet a death dance, in the plain
 When howling demons whirl, in storm and rain ;
 In walls accurst of God ; profaned with their rites ;
 The magic tower deserted seems by day ;
 Hell knows its story—when the nightfall's grey
 Fills its old windows with unholy lights

Thou lonely traveller, where away so fast ?
 With thine uneasy 'og, at night accompanied ;
 After the burning day, when rest inviteth thee ;
 Where leadest thou so late, thy patient weary steed ?

VERLAINE'S "CHANSON D'AUTOMNE."

The Autumn wind wails thin,
Like a sobbing violin,
Long and low.

How it thrills my heart with pain,
This monotonous refrain,
Sad and slow!

Passion-pale I pant, "Alas!"
For the chiming hours that pass
To their sleep,
Till the visions throng my head
Of the good glad days long dead—
And I weep.

But the wind so wild and fleet
Overbears my willing feet,
And I go
As the withered leaves that spin—
When the winter gusts begin—
To and fro.

THE BROOK AND THE OCEAN.

(From Victor Hugo.)

A brook from a headland was falling
In drops to the terrible sea,
When Ocean, the grave of the sailor,
Cried: "Weeper! What wouldst thou with me?

My life is all tempest and terror,
No limit I own but the sky,

Thou weakling! My power is stupendous,
What need of thy service have I?"

The Brook said: "O, turbulent Ocean!
I noiselessly steal to thy brink,
And bear thee, salt Sea, what thou lackest,
A drop of fresh water to drink."

A WITHERED NOSEGAY.

(From the French of Louis Fréchette. Translated in the original metre.)

Here's a posy of poor faded flowers, that I keep
As jealously guarded as gems in a heap,
For in their dead reliqs the fragrance I find
Of a hand that for me deigned the blossoms to bind.
And, when mem'ry floats back on the stream of the
past,
And I think of the days too enchanting to last,
On these roses, that nought but Time's hand shall pro-
fane,
Love's halo of gold will for ever remain.
Poor flow'rets! How often the tears from my eyes,
Like dewdrops, unheeded, have watered your dyes;
Alas! your bright crimson can never return,
But still in your leaves the dear past I discern.
Sleep here, on my heart! and my lips' latest breath
Shall touch you caressingly even in death.

THE DEATH OF ROLLA

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THE BUTTERFLY.

(Translation from Victor Hugo.)

When the gorgeous butterfly
In the jubilee of spring
Floats voluptuously by,
Borne on gold and purple wing:
Oft those damask wings are torn
By the faithless rose's thorn.

So—when life is fresh and gay,
Mortals, with capricious joy,
Flutter heedlessly away,
Whither fairest flowers decoy:
Soon, alas! their wings are torn
By perfidious Pleasure's thorn!

THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

(Translated from Alfred de Musset.)

Marie then, smiling, looked into the glass:
There she saw Rolla, but so pale, alas!
That she grew faint, and paler still than he.
" Ah! " she said trembling, " what doth trouble thee? "
" Trouble? " said Rolla, " Hast thou not heard tell
That I am ruined utterly, *ma belle*?
I came to see thee, and to say ' good-bye ':
Men know that I am ruined—I must die!"
" Didst lose at play? " " My ruin is complete.
And all is over—ask no further, sweet."
" Ruined! " she cried; and, like a statue, gazed

Downwards, with eyes dilated and amazed.
"Ruined! Thou hast no mother, then, alive?
No friends? no kin? no comrades that survive?
And thou wilt kill thyself? Oh! wherefore die?"
The fond sweet gaze grew fonder in her eye.

More she scarce dared to question—so she laid
Her lips to his, and kissed him, half-afraid.
"One thing, however, more I would be told,"
At length, she said: "Ah me! I have no gold—
E'en when I have, my mother takes it all—
But here's my necklace. True, it is but small,
Still, it is gold, dear; tell me, shall I go
And sell it for thee? Nobody will know
And thou canst take the money for thy play."
With a soft smile grave Rolla turned away.

Draining a small dark phial, no word he said;
But kissed her necklace, bending down his head:
She raised it tenderly—the man was dead!

His soul departed in that one chaste kiss,
And for a moment two had tasted bliss.

THE GIANT.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Brave Chiefs! in the land of the Giants I was born,
My ancestors leapt o'er the Rhine stream in scorn;
I was only a babe, when my mother, fond soul!
Used to bathe me each morn in the snows of the pole;
While my father, whose shoulders ensured him respect,
With three shaggy bear skins my cradle bedecked.

My Father, O Chiefs! was astoundingly strong,
Now, alas! he is weak, for his life has been long;
His hair is like snow, and deep wrinkles appear
On his brow, telling plainly his end draweth near.
When he wants a new staff his frail steps to sustain
He can scarcely uproot a young oak from the plain!

But I will replace him; I scoff at all fear,
I am heir to his steel bow, his axe and his spear,
I alone can succeed the old man at his death,
Who am able the poplars to bend with my breath,
And can dangle my feet in the valley at will,
While I carelessly sit on the top of a hill.

I was merely a boy, when I opened a road
O'er the snow peaks that form Winter's Alpine abode;
My head, like a mountain that vapour enshrouds,
Arrested the course of the galloping clouds,
And, often, uplifting my hands to the sky,
I seized the proud eagles far sailing on high.

I fought with the storm, and my breath, as it streamed,
Extinguished each flash of the lightning that gleamed,
Or, bent upon sport, I would eagerly chase
The wallowing kings of Leviathan's race,
While I troubled far more than the hurricane's blast
The ocean, that opened its plain as I passed.

From my grasp, which was merciless, nothing could
save
The hawk in the sky, or the shark in the wave;
The bear, whose huge body my arms were thrown
round.

Breathed his last in my grip without visible wound,
And ofttimes, while tracking wild beasts in the snow,
I have crushed the white teeth of the lynx with a blow.

These pastimes were only the frolics of youth,
For manhood's ambition too trivial, forsooth;
War now is my passion. I gloat o'er the fears
And curses of multitudes, mingled with tears,
I love the fierce soldiery, bounding in arms,
Who gladden my soul with their shouts and alarms.

When the onset is glowing 'mid powder and blood,
And the rage of the fight, like a turbulent flood,
Sweeps hurriedly onward the warrior and horse,
I rise in my might, and, directing its course,
I fearlessly plunge in the ranks of the brave,
Like a sea-bird that swoops on the dark-rolling wave.

Like a reaper alone 'mid the ripe waving corn,
I stand, while the squadrons in battle are torn,
When the roar of my voice is but heard to resound,
Their yells in the echoing thunder are drowned,
And my hand, like some rigid, hard-knotted, old oak,
Unarmed batters armour with death-dealing stroke.

Stark naked I fight, for so dauntless I feel,
That I scorn the protection of iron or steel;
I laugh at your warriors, and void of all fear,
Carry nought to the fray but my tough ashen spear,
And this helmet so tight that ten bulls, stout and
strong,
If well yoked together, might drag it along!

No ladders I need, when besieging a fort—
To shiver the chains of a drawbridge is sport—
Like a catapult formed of invincible brass
I crumble high towers in one ruinous mass,
And I wrestle, as 'twere, with the walls of a town,
Till its moats are filled up with the ramparts pulled
down.

But, Warriors! the day will arrive, when at length
I must follow my victims, despoiled of my strength,
Oh! leave not my corpse as a banquet for crows,
Let my sepulchre be the Alps' loftiest snows,
That strangers, who gaze on each far-soaring peak,
What mountain my tomb is may wondering seek!

FOR AYE.

(From an Elegy by Sully Prudhomme.)

Here, lilacs wilt beneath the blast
And short-lived song-birds cease their lay;
I dream of summers that will last
For aye.

Here, lips to velvet lips cling fast,
But the shared rapture dies away;
I dream of kisses that will last
For aye.

Here mortals weep o'er friendships past,
And fitful loves that had their day;
I dream of unions that will last
For aye.

THE GOLDEN DREAM.

(From the French.)

She sleeps ; her head is pillow'd where,
On the green turf, with blossoms fair,

The hawthorn blows :

Strange angel maid, for whom this earth
Hath found no dowry from her birth

Save only woes.

But faintly on her youthful face
A sunny smile we still may trace,
Then, lightly tread ; she sleeps—'tis well,
Break not her golden vision's spell !

It may be that some gentle strain,
Whose tones the prisoned soul enchain,

Bids her rejoice ;

E'en while she sleepeth, she may hear
Fond love-words murmured in her ear,
Sweet memory's voice.

And then the poor deserted child
Seems loved and blest, by dreams beguiled.
Oh ! lightly tread : she sleeps—'tis well,
Break not her golden vision's spell !

Alas ! that vision must be brief,
And her young heart's o'erwhelming grief

Will be more deep ;

Yet on each feature there is peace,—
Ye woodland birds, your warbling cease,

Still let her sleep

And pray we that our Angel's care

May love and guard that maiden fair.
Oh ! lightly tread: she sleeps—'tis well,
Break not her golden vision's spell !

WHITHER ?

(From the Yiddish or Judeo-German of Morris Rosenfeld.)*

“ Whither, sweet orphan, dost thou go ?
The world is not open as yet, you know.
Day has not broken: peace reigns around,
Throughout the streets there is scarce a sound.
The flowers are still dreaming, the birds are mute :
Sleep clouds the eyes of each wearied brute.
Whither, my child, art thou driven now?
What work so eager to do and how ? ”
“ To earn scant food for my needs, I trow.”

“ Why walking, sweet girl, so late at night?
The world is silent and void of light.
Where art thou borne by the chilly breeze ?
Thy day has been luckless and thou wilt freeze.
The night is silent and deaf and blind,
Then whither sweet girl with heedless mind ? ”
“ Hungry, some food I am forced to find—
Since God, my Father, doth seem unkind.”

* These were the last verses that Mr. Murray wrote, January 1910.

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